



# SATURDAY NIGHT.

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## Things in General.

THE outcome of such a titanic struggle as the one inaugurated this week between the great Steel Trust and the amalgamated unions, aptly termed the great "Labor Trust," it is impossible to foresee. When the big combine of the steel manufacturers was being formed a few months ago, it was predicted in these columns that the real master of the situation would be, not the man who could control the stock or sway the councils of the company, but the one who could, whether by demagoguery or horse sense, make himself the leader of the thousands of workmen employed. With 74,000 men throwing down their tools at the nod of President Shaffer, it looks as if this prediction is about to be fulfilled. The strikers, it was understood at the outset, demanded the unionization of all the mills. It is now denied that this is the case. They disclaim any intention of forcing the Trust either to recognize the union in those mills that are now non-union or to employ only union labor, but they insist that the union scale shall be paid to all employees, and that the men be released from the contracts now binding them to belong to no labor organization under penalty of discharge. This looks reasonable from the standpoint of unionism, yet there may be circumstances that do not appear on the surface which may justify the company in resisting these demands. Employers cannot suffer their employees to take over unto themselves the entire administration of their mutual relations. In any event, the policy that dictates a strike which may prove a knock-out blow to industry and paralyze both employers and employed, for any less cause than the rectification of some real injustice as to wages, hours or treatment of workers, fails to enlist public sympathy. There will be few tears shed in Canada if the grasping and monopolistic Steel Trust—the representative of so much that British supremacy has to fear—comes to grief in this conflict. Yet the first faint flutterings of public rejoicing over the prospective victory of the union are equally difficult to detect. The strike, whatever its result, can scarcely fail to pluck some of the gaudy plumage in which Yankee manufacturing interests have been flaunting themselves of late before the world. If the struggle be severe, both capital and labor will inevitably suffer, and it is possible, though not probable, that the results may be felt even north of the boundary line, for the relation of iron and steel-making to general prosperity is exceedingly intimate. The prediction that one outcome of the situation will be a consolidation of labor equally as extensive and cohesive as that of capital as exemplified in the Steel and other large trusts, may not be realized. Combinations of capital are governed by reasons that have to do directly with dollars and cents. The controlling minds in capitalistic circles are few and therefore the chances of unanimous action are great. In combinations of labor there are larger masses of men to be handled, and the interests to be reconciled are both more numerous and less simple to understand. Sentiment and passion will inevitably enter into the councils of labor to a large extent, and there will always be a proneness to faction arising out of mere numbers. Cold-blooded self-interest and calm calculation are, on the other hand, certain to be the controlling forces in capitalistic combination.

TALKING about strikes, attention has been drawn to an interesting phase of the relations of Canadian employers and employed, by the clash between Vicar-General Routhier and the Ottawa union whose conduct he undertook to criticize. Monsignor Routhier denounced the practice of Canadian workmen belonging to International unions with headquarters in the United States. He believes that strikes in Canada are often engineered by "Americans" against the best interests of those most directly affected. He says that Canadians should have independent labor organizations, and should know when to strike without being instructed by foreigners. Vicar-General Routhier, however, does not possess the confidence of Canadian labor circles, and there is no immediate prospect of his advice being welcomed therein. There is some division of opinion amongst Canadian union men as to the advisability, or the reverse, of affiliation with the International bodies, but the weight of opinion in labor circles is favorable to the alliance, otherwise it would not be continued. The leaders here contend that purely local unions would last no time in the event of trouble. On the other hand, there is a strong feeling amongst employers that Vicar-General Routhier's position is correct—that there has been needless meddling with Canadian interests from outside sources, and that it is objectionable to have to deal with Yankee executive officers in adjusting differences that arise between employer and employed in Canada. Until Canadian labor becomes convinced that independent unions would be better than the present International organizations, the latter will, of course, be maintained despite the hostile opinion of employers and of persons like Vicar-General Routhier. Eventually, as Canada develops and waxes great in industrial enterprise and population, it may be that the difficulties of reconciling conflicting interests will lead to the breaking up of the International labor unions, and that independent bodies will then take their place in this country.

SENSIBLE people will welcome the effort of the Church of England Burial, Funeral and Mourning Reform Association to abolish the expensive, unlovely and ridiculous display so much in vogue in the laying away of the dead. There is truth in the statement that the late Queen's love for the luxury of woe did much to delay very desirable reforms in the matter of funerals and mourning generally. The lugubrious display of crepe, flowers and the other trappings of grief is often carried to an absurd length. It can do the dead no good, while it depresses the spirits of the living, and often imposes a burden grievous to be borne upon slender resources that would be better employed for other objects. A decent and dignified simplicity in handling the remains of the beloved is in much better taste than bacchanalian displays of grief. One of the things hoped for by those who favor cremation is that so clean and thorough-going a method of destroying the discarded and corrupting body would do away with the horrible showiness that now characterizes the majority of funerals and burial places. But cremation, whilst making rapid strides, has not yet reached the stage of general approval, and in the meantime there is a distinct work to be performed in the simplification of funeral fashions and ceremonial.

HAVE repeatedly felt called upon to protest against the false position in which Canada is placed by persons who go to the British Isles with mendicant appeals of one kind or another. This country has been pretty sharply told in Great Britain on several occasions of late that she ought to provide money for her own charitable and religious work. It is ruinous to our national and individual self-respect to be forever represented in a suppliant attitude by persons who, as a rule, have no right to speak for any but themselves or some small clique or sect with an axe to grind. The "Canadian Gazette," published in London, calls attention to a couple of most flagrant cases of "voluntary" "hold-ups" of the British public. One comes from the Rev. H. W. Cunningham, rector of St. George's, Halifax, who

writes to the "Times" appealing for subscriptions to the amount of \$3,000 for repairs and improvements to his church, which, it appears, was in a way founded by the Duke of Kent while stationed with Imperial troops at Halifax. Rev. Mr. Cunningham backs up his prayer for English alms with the following sentence—a most improper and reprehensible reference, as it seems to me, to matters that should be far removed from selfish considerations: "Will not some of those at home who remember Canada and the patriotism of the Canadians kindly assist us in keeping well preserved for another generation at least this creation of the father of our late much beloved Queen and Empress?"

This case, however, is not as regrettable as the other. Rev. Canon Dixon, rector of St. Jude's, Montreal, has gone to England specially to beg for the modest little sum of \$17,500 to pay off debts incurred upon Church schools and other work in the great and wealthy metropolitan city of the Dominion. According to the "Gazette," the appeal is supported by the Archbishop of Montreal, while the names of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Lord Aberdeen and the Mayor of Montreal are being used in support of the petition.

It should be understood in Great Britain that the pride of the vast majority of Canadians revolts at the mendicancy which seems to have become a fixed habit with several of the Canadian churches. We boast that we are a nation. But we are placed in the attitude of failing to live up to our boast, because irresponsible individuals go on their knees, with open palms, beseeching the British public for eleemosynary assistance to all sorts of causes that do not appeal to the support of the Canadian public, either because they are unworthy or because they have not been properly placed before our people. Canada needs no alms from Great Britain or elsewhere for any legitimate purpose.

time in the history of the race when soldiers were not to be had by the blowing of a bugle.

TEN thousand dollars should be an ample sum with which to give the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York a merry time while in Toronto. Of course fifty thousand, the amount asked for by the Citizens' Committee, or even five times that sum, could be expended with the utmost ease. Toronto, however, cannot hope, and should not attempt, to out rival the fetes held in Australia, where the birth of a nation was being celebrated as well as the Royal visit. The Duke, by the time he reaches here, will be heartily sick of wining, dining, handshaking and speechifying. The most novel entertainment we could provide would be to give him a comparatively quiet time. And in this connection, some rein ought surely to be held upon the address fiends. The indications are that His Royal Highness will be bored to death with addresses from the moment he sets foot upon Canadian soil till the hour of his departure. Addresses from the provinces and municipalities whose guest he becomes would be well nigh superfluous, but there is no reason why churches and "dinky" fraternal organizations, with jerkwater boards of trade and so forth, should be permitted to weary him with their long-winded platitudes. Their loyalty to the throne and devotion to Imperial ideals can very well be taken for granted. Let us remember that we are the hosts and the Duke a guest; that the Royal party are to be entertained and not to be our entertainers.

SPEAKING about Royalty, it would be interesting to learn who are the writers of the "vast number of letters from the colonies" with which Mr. J. Henniker Heaton of London announces that he has been deluged, all favoring a change in the King's title so as to include

gauge in conveying passengers on Sunday can escape. Further, public sentiment regarding the observance of Sunday as the Sabbath of the Mosaic dispensation is undergoing a revolution, and the people will not stand for the restrictions of former times. Colonel Denison, in dismissing the cases, said he had experienced a change of opinion with regard to the first day. At one time he was opposed to Sunday street cars, but he saw that they were now a necessity, even to churchgoers. In his opinion, the people now required greater facilities for moving about on Sunday than formerly. Colonel Denison's change of opinion is only typical of what thousands of others have experienced. The Lord's Day Alliance is doing perhaps more than any other single agency to bring about the change that is taking place. Had the attitude of that organization been less unreasoning and fanatical, it might have hoped for a greater measure of success in holding people to the old ideas about Sunday. I might commend to the attention of the Alliance big-wigs an article on "The American Sabbath," by Mr. J. R. Howard in the last issue of the New York "Outlook," Rev. Lyman Abbott's paper. The concluding portion of this article is worth quoting:

"What would Jesus do?" seems a simple and complete test for a Christian's use in judging for his own conduct; yet it is by no means of easy application. We know what Jesus did do on the Sabbath day in that comparatively rude and primitive time, but what He would do in America, amid our complex civilization, is a very different question. The one thing that all the Hebrew prophets insisted on was no labor; but to-day a dweller in one of our great cities rarely find it difficult to seek the synagogue or congregation in the morning for instruction in righteousness, and will find it almost impossible to get to the open fields for recreative rest without utilizing some other man's labor on a car or boat. This will illustrate a long train of similar perplexities. If those who do such labor on the rest-day are enabled to secure their own seventh portion of time on some other day, perhaps the law is essentially fulfilled, but the problems, to a conscientious person, are many.

"The conclusion of the whole matter must be that this Sabbath question is to be regarded and settled not necessarily by the facts in the life of Jesus, but by the application of His spirit to our own circumstances. His example of morning instruction and afternoon recreation seems eminently reasonable, and in the spirit of the meaning of the day, whether regarded from a sanitary or a religious point of view. Indeed, the two view-points should be one. But, in following this, each one should see to it that his own liberty be not an offence to other men's consciences, or his own conscience to their liberty. To compel others to do unnecessary labor for our rest or recreation; to disturb others in the pursuit of their own needs of quiet meditation or of mental rest through bodily activity; to insist that all other people shall, in this matter, follow the devices and desires of our own hearts—none of these courses is either American or Christian. The 'American Sabbath' is becoming as much of a medley as the American population; and that seems an irresistible change. But both law and public sentiment should steadily enforce public quiet on Sunday, permitting no noisy gatherings or games in public places, or in private premises where they may interfere with the rights of individuals to a peaceable day of rest, however spent; and beyond that (which includes the regulation of such buying and selling as pertains to that public quiet), neither worldly nor religious wisdom calls for interference. "Unquestionably, not only Christian parents but intelligent parents should train their children to observe this universally beneficent rest-day, both for spiritual and physical refreshment. It is a duty because it is a privilege; and the young should be brought up in a knowledge of its sweet restfulness in this work-a-day world. But to make of it what Jesus called a 'burden grievous to be borne,' as the Pharisees did, and as the Puritans did after them, is only to provoke such an extreme reaction as England saw under Charles the Second, tending to frivolity, and folly, and even vice. Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind, and then follow his own conscience—with due regard to the rights of others. And for guidance amid the perplexities of modern life, let him study, not commentaries, or even civil laws, but the same counsels and the reasonable, humane conduct of Jesus."



BRITISH BUILT BRIDGE OVER THE NILE.

(Illustrating "Don's" Travel Talks on page 7, a series of views of Egypt, Palestine and Italy, will continue to be published for several weeks to come.)

pose. Canadians have not more money than they know what to do with, but they have plenty for every need, and they should be ashamed to accept the pounds or pennies that are so much more sorely needed in the slums of the Mother Land.

EVERY week some case is reported of a foot-passenger—usually a woman or child—being knocked down and hurt by some careless bicyclist, who, as a rule, jumps on his wheel as soon as he knows that he has done someone a possibly serious injury and disappears without having left his name and address. This is not a pleasant proceeding to contemplate, because it reveals human nature as a pretty mean and contemptible "product of the ages," and we like to think of mankind in the abstract as a noble evolution that has got far from the remnants of its primal cowardice and "cussedness." Last week a poor newsboy who is also a cripple was knocked down by a searcher and sustained a serious fracture of the leg. The searcher, true to the traditions of his class, coolly mounted his wheel and sneaked away from responsibility for his deed. It would be interesting to take a peep into the mind of this individual and know what his feelings are as he thinks—if he does think—of the victim's sufferings, and contemplates his own moral degradation. Not unlikely, he is no monster, but an ordinary individual, as kind and considerate as the generality in his bearing to others. If so, his discontent with himself will probably be keen enough, and in choosing between the lot of the guilty searcher and that of his victim, we all probably would find it preferable to suffer from a broken bone than from the self-contempt that tortures the moral coward. Mean things are done often because people lose their presence of mind and have not time to consider. But it is the mark of the true gentleman or gentlewoman to do the right deed instinctively and without reflection.

In strong contrast to the bearing of the man who does an injury and has not the courage to acknowledge it and face the consequences, is the conduct of the youths who jumped into the Niagara river the other day without a moment's hesitation in order to rescue a drowning companion. There is something in the contention of the "Daily Star" that if land grants are to be made to soldiers, they should also be made to civilian heroes who, far from the excitement and inspiration of battle, take their lives in their hands for others. Where, however, are we to draw the line? There are men and women all around us who, in the course of ordinary events, attain to moral heroisms as great as, or greater than, that of the individual who lays his life in the scale for humanity's sake. After all, the hard thing is not to die heroically, but to live heroically. There is a growing suspicion that the military hero is as often as not just about the cheapest kind of hero the old world keeps in stock. It is quite true to say that there never was a

Canada, Australia, South Africa, etc., by name. There is a general feeling in this country that the King's title covers all requirements as it stands. At all events, I have been unable to discover any burning agitation to have Edward VII. proclaimed "Sovereign Lord of Canada" or "King of Canada," or to have young Prince Eddie, the Duke of Cornwall's eldest boy, created "Prince of Canada." There is a species of cheap-John loyalty that runs to this kind of thing, but it is not of the same piece as the deep spirit of reasoning devotion to British institutions and the British flag which animates Canadians in general. A few busy-bodies should not be permitted to misrepresent the desires of the Canadian people in such a matter as this. There is not the slightest necessity for any title-tinkering. Canada is content to let kingship remain just where it is.

IN New York the hot-weather period, when topics for discussion are always few, is being filled in by the "Tribune," one of the most conservative newspapers on this continent, with a campaign against advertising by poster. It has published some trenchant articles in condemnation of poster advertisements, which are one of the chief disfigurements of modern cities, and it suggests that all posters should be taxed. Nothing is more attractive to legislators as a rule than schemes to devise new sources of revenue, and since the "Tribune" is the leading Republican paper and the State Legislature of New York is of the same political color, a persistent agitation for taxing posters may lead to legislation in that direction. The "Tribune," of course, may be accused of serving self-interest in its attempt to discourage bill-board publicity, yet such an insinuation cannot detract from the argument that poster advertising, carried to its present length, is unsightly and in the nature of a public nuisance. Some of the posters that are permitted to be put up here in Toronto are artistic monstrosities—as well as offensive in other respects. People have no right to be compelled to look, wherever they may turn, upon huge placards setting forth the merits of specific private diseases, the praises of particular brands of chewing-tobacco, or the strong points of somebody's make of hair-oil. These announcements are certainly offensive to the educated eye, and it is questionable whether as many people are not repelled as attracted by the shoddy methods often employed to force an article on their attention.

NO one need be surprised at the failure of the Lord's Day Alliance in the police court cases against captains of vessels running in and out of Toronto on Sunday. Whatever may be thought of Sunday travel and pleasure-seeking, it will be very difficult to devise any law that will be within the power of the Legislature and at the same time will close all the loopholes by which those who wish to en-

HAVE been more than ever struck of late by the amount of "hot air" the Yankee correspondents in England send to their newspapers, and so to ours. With few exceptions, the men who are sent across the Atlantic to write special dispatches for the big New York papers seem to be in a condition of Plutonian ignorance regarding the monarchy and responsible government as they have it in England. Their chief qualifications seem to be the ability to "gush" and gossip. The King is always being represented as about to undertake some line of action or develop some policy which, as everyone knows who understands how government is conducted under the British system, could only proceed from the Ministry, relying on the support of its Parliamentary following. The Cabinet is also forever doing impossible things, such as being forced by the King to consent to Lord Rosebery's appointment as mediator in South Africa—a wildly improbable yarn. Such stories may go down in the United States, where it is believed by many that kings still rule as well as reign, but in Canada, where we know better, these romances only make ridiculous the papers that are foolish enough to gravely reproduce them. It would be a good thing all round if the Canadian press had a cable news service of its own, uncontaminated by the yellow journal methods of New York. But that is apparently something to be hoped for in the distant future only. In the meantime, however, Canadian readers who are at all intelligent would welcome a little more careful editing of dispatches that come via New York, in the daily newspaper offices of this country.

ROUND figures, \$12,800,000 is the sum given to colleges and universities in the United States this summer, as shown by the announcements made at the recent commencement exercises. Washington University, St. Louis, alone receives five millions. Brown University two millions, Yale a million six hundred and sixty-seven thousand, Harvard a million four hundred and sixty-two thousand, while gifts varying from half a million to a few thousands of dollars are scattered amongst twenty-one other institutions. The purposes, both ostensible and real, for which these enormous sums of money have been set aside, are as various as the amounts mentioned. Mr. Pierpont Morgan is, of course, in this, as in almost every other thing where money figures, "with both feet." He has given a large sum to Harvard, and deserves credit for having manfully proclaimed the real motive of his liberality. Mr. Morgan's father was not a Harvard man, but he was a Massachusetts man, and his son wants the name of Morgan perpetuated in the great university of his State. Therefore he will give the means to build a memorial hall in the classic streets of Cambridge. Self-advertisement, self-glorification, the apotheosis of one's family, is doubtless the motive behind much of the giving on a large scale to found public institutions of one kind or another. It is not the noblest purpose that could thrill the human breast, but so long as in its ultimate workings it



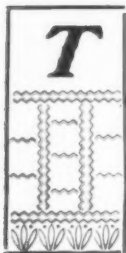
serves the welfare of mankind we must not be captious if, incidentally, it serves the meaner end as well. The millionaires like to sneer at college education as a thing of no practical value, but they also exhibit a curious craze to identify themselves with seats of learning as public benefactors and diffusers of light.

In considering such enormous gifts for higher education as those announced this summer, the old question arises whether there is likely to be an adequate return on the investment. There are always the two conflicting views. President Schwab of the Steel Trust has so poor an opinion of the practical value of a college education that he has counselled boys who aim at success in business to avoid the colleges, while Andrew Carnegie, though not a college-bred man, has testified to his faith in university education by his great gifts to establish a larger measure of free tuition in the Scottish colleges. These two successful men of affairs represent the extreme conflicting opinions of those who have not themselves acquired a college education. The graduates are, of course, almost unanimously enlisted on that side of the question that has been so unceremoniously attacked by President Schwab.

From the standpoint of the graduates, Mr. John Gilmer Speed treats the subject at some length in a recent magazine article, in which some remarkable figures are brought forward. Of the twenty-four men who have reached the office of President of the United States, Mr. Speed finds that fifteen were college men and only three without any measure of academic training. Six of the eight members of the McKinley Cabinet are university graduates. Of the other two, one, though not a graduate, was a college professor, and the other finished his education at an academy of high rank. All the members of the Supreme Court are either university or academy graduates. It was difficult to determine exactly the collegiate status of the members of Congress, but as well as could be made out, 44 of the 86 members of the Senate are college men, together with 108 of the 360 members of the House of Representatives. Mr. Speed confesses that he was surprised at the showing. Taking the eight leading New York dailies, he finds that seven of the editors-in-chief are graduates. Of the fifteen most important magazines, fourteen are edited by university men. Mr. Speed multiplies statistics of the sort quoted to show that college men are successful in real life. The figures are interesting if only to offset some of the indisputable evidence offered on the other side.

But it is when we come to the cost of college instruction that Mr. Speed has something to say to us that cannot fail to leave an impress. After all, is there anything to show that the enormous outlay pays? To quote Mr. Speed, the grounds and buildings of universities in the United States are appraised at \$133,000,000; the productive funds at \$138,000,000; the scientific apparatus at \$14,000,000; the benefactions at \$21,000,000, while the total income of them all is \$21,000,000. "That is a great sum," comments the writer, "even greater than the \$16,000,000 the poor people of the city of New York annually pay into the policy shops of the metropolis in a game in which they have no chance to win. Here is an illuminating contrast. The whole country pays \$21,000,000 annually for its highest education; the metropolitan city alone puts \$16,000,000 yearly in a game that only preys on the ignorant. I fancy no college man ever played policy except in the pursuit of knowledge and by way of experiment. When ignorance is so costly, higher education cannot be very dear at twice what is now spent on it."

#### Social and Personal.



HERE is the usual dearth of news this week, and the only topics of interest are the Fall Exhibition and the visit of the Royal tourists later on. If the Duke of Cornwall and York is not reduced to a cypher by the time we get through with him, it will not be the fault of the committees. How would it do to simply leave him entirely to his repose in Toronto, present him the freedom of the Turkish bath, a pass on the Belt Line and jersey, and put him and his Duchess to bed early every evening? That would leave in their jaded hearts a grateful recollection of Toronto which time could never efface, and would probably result in titles and decorations for every member of the civic body and committees who abstained from tormenting His Royal Highness with addresses, concerts, parades, decorations, and the like instruments of torture to helpless Royalties on tour of the world.

Toronto Island is simply swarming with people, and the problem of getting home at night from Center Island is a serious one. What with picnic parties, dancing parties, cyclists and all sorts and conditions of men, women and children, and a totally inadequate ferry service, one is often obliged to wait one or more trips before securing a chance to cross the bay. The discomfort of being wedged among unsavory babies, sweltering parents and restless children receives its final touch when the impudent vocalist abounds and squalls. Can you fancy anything more exasperating than to be packed as above, and further, to have your nerves racked by a lot of strident voices bawling some discordant and vulgar song of the Midway? And yet it is just so.

On Wednesday afternoon Mrs. Reginald Northcote gave a delightful progressive euchre at her Island home for her guests, Miss Alexander and Mrs. Goodlove of Ottawa. Six tables were arranged, and the cool and shady verandahs were much appreciated by the ladies, who enjoyed the game and the dainty refreshments served "en plein air" afterwards. The Misses Cowan won the lone hand and first prizes, and Mrs. Hargrave the consolation prize. A few of the other ladies who played were Mrs. Goodlove, Miss Hirschfelder, Miss Trixie Hoskins, Miss Alexander, Mrs. Rathbun, Miss Lough, Mrs. Joe Beatty and Miss Beatty. The prizes were extremely pretty and the afternoon a great success.

A band concert was possible where a dance would have been outrageous last Monday evening, a sultry and breathless night without moon or merciful breezes, and the Yacht Club lawn was preferable to the salle de danse for the endurance of the extreme climatic conditions. There were plenty of dinner parties, and I hear there were also plenty of congratulations to our handsome friend, Mr. Herbert Fortier, on his escape from the smallpox. Mr. Fortier was the guest at dinner of Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Wade, and is looking very well after his siege of chicken-pox. If anyone wants an encomium upon the management of the Isolation Hospital, they will get it from the grateful young artist who has been spending the major portion of his holidays within its bounds.

The only dance last week was the Island Aquatic, at which quite a number of guests were present. The Association will certainly do well to consider the wisdom of building a pavilion for this popular club's next summer meetings, and it can only be hoped they will ensure all its advantages of good food and accessibility and do away with its drawbacks. The I.A.A.A. is a big institution as well as a most necessary and popular one. It has grown with the increased summer population of Center Island and demands increased accommodation.

Miss Sidwell, a literary woman from Washington, has been the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Spencer, Bloor street east. On Wednesday evening Mrs. Dickson of St. Margaret's College invited a score or more of friends interested in literature and general culture to meet Miss Sidwell, and those who were able to accept the kind invitation were more than charmed.

Mrs. Seabury of New York is expected on a visit to Mrs.

Victor Cawthra. Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Pison are at Hotel Brant, Burlington Beach. Mrs. Sydney Greene went on Monday to Seabright, N.J., for the vacation. Mrs. John Wright has gone to Cape Elizabeth. Miss K. Homer Dixen has gone to Georgian Bay. Mrs. Keating of Beverley street has gone to England. Miss Rose Davidson has gone to Muskoka. Mr. and Mrs. Aylesworth have returned from Montreal. Miss Elizabeth King is entertaining Miss Hoffman of Elmira, N.Y.

A very smart and beautiful wedding was that of Mr. Clive Pringle and Miss Rebecca Brooks Cornell, which took place in St. Peter's church, Cobourg, at noon on Thursday, July 11. Rev. Canon Sprague officiating. The church was decorated charmingly with lilies and palms, and the guests rivalled Solomon in the glory of their summer garments. Many smart people from Toronto went down for the marriage. A couple of hundred guests had been asked to the ceremony and many additional to the reception at Interlaken, the home of Chevalier and Madame Albertini, parents of the bride. The bride entered leaning on the arm of her father, Chevalier de Diaz Albertini, who gave her away. She was gowned in white panne satin, trimmed with many chiffon flounces, with bertha of rare old rose-point, and a tulle veil. Instead of a bouquet she carried a white ivory Prayer Book. The wedding was attended by a matron of honor and four bridesmaids. The matron of honor, Mrs. George Wilder of Rochester (formerly Miss Lilian Chew), wore a gown of white organdie, with Valenciennes lace trimming, white hat, and carried pink carnations. The bridesmaids were Miss Lidia Cornell, Buffalo, daughter of Colonel S. Douglas Cornell; Miss Alice Card, Washington, daughter of General Card; Miss Muriel Dumble, daughter of Mr. John H. Dumble, Police Magistrate, Cobourg; Miss Betty Poe, daughter of the late General Poe, Detroit. The best man was Mr. W. H. Bunting of Toronto, and the ushers were Dr. Donald Armour, Chicago; Mr. George Higginbotham, Toronto; Mr. Frank Drake, Toronto; Mr. Douglas Cornell, Buffalo; Mr. E. M. Brunet, Washington; Mr. Frederick Roosevelt Scovel, Paris. The bride's mother, Mme. de Diaz Albertini, wore a handsome gown of white satin, with princess overdress of black tulle and chenille, and a white tulle toque. Mrs. Roderick R. Pringle looked extremely handsome in a gown of flowered organdie over mauve silk. The groom's gift to the bride was a three-stone sapphire ring. To the bridesmaids he gave white leather card-cases, with silver monogram, and to the best man and ushers pearl horseshoe pins. The wedding gifts were elegant and very numerous. Madame Albertini's gift to her daughter was four pieces of priceless old silver bearing the date of 1797. This was a family heirloom, and belonged originally to Madame Albertini's great-grandfather, Chief Justice Ing of Detroit.

Mrs. Frank Macdonald of Wellington place has gone to the coast of Maine. Miss Sovereign is the guest of Mrs. Joseph Beatty at Center Island. Colonel and Mrs. Campbell Macdonald have gone to De Grassi Point, and will return to the residence in Prince Arthur avenue, as their landlord has sold it. Mrs. Morris and Miss Kippen are visiting friends at Center Island. Mrs. T. M. Delamore and her family are at Balsam Lake.

The very latest summer girl electrified the occupants of a Belt Line car in the neighborhood of King and John streets on Tuesday noon by suddenly appearing on the principal thoroughfare clothed simply in one hairpin, with which her golden curls were fastened on the top of her head. The young lady certainly looked comfortable and happy in her Garden of Eden trousseau, and made quick tracks east on King and south on John before she was caught. The delight of the passengers and passersby was only equalled by the chagrin of the young Eve's parent, who arrived in hot pursuit of the lady who was doling her morning bath. In case Inspector Archibald reads this I would add that the fugitive had probably reached the mature age of three years, and as a summer girl was voted the success of the season, and quite the prettiest seen on King street this year.

Mrs. Newbigging is visiting Mrs. Walker in Cobourg. Mr. and Mrs. J. Gordon Macdonald are back in Toronto this week. Mrs. Arthur W. Ross spent a pleasant week with Mrs. R. A. Harrison in Madison avenue. Miss Justina Harrison went to Barrie on Monday.

Mrs. and Miss Skae and Miss Maud Barwick have been enjoying the Pan-American. No jollier or brighter tourist party has struck Toronto this summer than that comprising the Cincinnati "Enquirer's" people, who were here in mid-week. Mrs. John Fraser, wife of Dr. Fraser of Detroit, returned home last Saturday after a pleasant stay of several weeks with her father, Mr. Durand, of Huron street. Mr. and Mrs. Barnhard, Mr. and Mrs. William Douglas and Mrs. Coldham are at Niagara-on-the-Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. Sigmund Samuel of Madison avenue and their children are spending the summer at De Grassi Point. The Misses MacMurchy of Two Elms, Sherbourne street, will spend the vacation in Prince Edward Island. Dr. Helen MacMurchy is much congratulated on her appointment on the staff of house surgeons in the General Hospital. Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Wood of Spadina road sailed for the Continent last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. George Bostwick of New York are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Mont Lowndes at "The Nest," Center Island. Mrs. G. Shirley Denison, who has been stopping with Lady Wilson, has gone to North Bay to visit her son, Mr. Wilson G. Denison, C.P.R. Mr. and Mrs. Harley Roberts have been guests at the Queen's Royal for the tennis tournament.

Mrs. De Welber and Miss Aileen Roberts have taken Mrs. Kenrick's house in John street for the summer. Major and Mrs. Forester are in their old quarters at Bonnycastle.

There is every prospect of polo being played here very shortly, and as usual the military are the patrons of this exciting game. Colonel Lessard has been looking at the various possible places for a polo ground, and naturally the Woodbine was under consideration. I have not heard whether any definite move has been made to secure a ground.

Twenty-five years ago Inspector William Greer of the Criminal Investigation Department of the Ontario Government, and Mrs. Greer were made man and wife. On Thursday evening about fifty friends of the couple assembled at their residence in Jameson avenue to take part in celebrating the anniversary. The house was beautifully decorated with Chinese lanterns, etc., and the guests were received by Mr. and Mrs. Greer and their daughters, Mrs. (Dr.) Post of New York and Miss Edna. Progressive euchre, in which the prizes were won by Park Commissioner Chambers and Mrs. C. Fitch, interspersed with music and dancing, served to make the evening enjoyable. Mr. and Mrs. Greer received many valuable tokens of esteem from their friends.

Miss B. Monteith, of New York, is spending a few weeks with Toronto friends, being at home with Mrs. Brodie of Sherbourne street. Miss Nita Monteith of Deseronto is enjoying her vacation in Scotland, and is much improved in health.

Mrs. Will Rose and her mother, Mrs. Massey, have moved to their new home, No. 5 Lowther avenue, which Mrs. Massey has recently purchased. Mrs. Massey is at present in Atherley, where Mrs. Rose may join her later.

Mr. William Reed, late of Toronto, now of Quebec, gave three very successful organ recitals at the Pan-American

can Exposition last week. Mr. Reed played in his usual fine style and fairly captivated his audience, which taxed even the standing room of the Temple of Music. Mr. Reed was ably assisted by Mr. T. Alexander Davies, whose organ selections were also highly commended.

Mr. Clarence Kennedy of Buffalo, N.Y., is staying with his aunt, Mrs. H. E. Smallpeice of Parkdale.

Mr. H. J. Sims, barrister, of Berlin, Ont., is in the city, visiting his parents, Mr. P. H. Sims and Mrs. Sims.

Miss Beatrice Lockhardt is the guest of Miss Marion Barker at Center Island. Miss Barker gave an afternoon tea on Wednesday afternoon for her guest.

Say a little prayer for the Argonaut eight-to-day, girls! The following figures will show how they need it. The members of the crew weight: Joe Wright (stroke), 182 pounds; D. R. Mackenzie, No. 7, 167 pounds; H. V. Dugan, No. 6, 171 pounds; J. Cooper Mason, No. 5, 161 pounds; R. H. Parmenter, No. 4, 160 pounds; A. H. E. Kent, No. 3, 160 pounds; J. H. Mackenzie, No. 2, 160 pounds; C. A. E. Goldman (bow), 167 pounds; N. Bastedo, coxswain, 118 pounds. Total weight, 1,328 pounds; average, 166 pounds.

Mr. Kenneth Boulton, son of Mr. George Boulton of the First National Bank, Chicago, is visiting in Cobourg, where he is a guest at "The Lawn," the residence of his grandfather, Colonel D'Arcy Boulton. Another welcome visitor to Cobourg is Lieut. Wilfrid Dumble, Royal Engineers, Bermuda, who is staying at "Dromore," the residence of his father, Mr. John H. Dumble.

Among the guests at Mrs. Sutton's, Center Island, are Mr. and Mrs. Eby, Miss Clare Eby, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Wright, Miss Dorothy Wright, Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, Miss Gertrude Johnson, Mr. Eaton Johnson of New York, Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Brown, Miss Marjorie Brown, Miss Townsend of New York, Mr. and Mrs. Thompson Christie, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lugdin, Mr. Britt, Mr. and Mrs. Herring of New York, Mr. and Mrs. C. Beal, Master Reginald Beal, Mr. and Mrs. Porter of St. Louis, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Armour and family, Mr. and Mrs. MacDougal of Winnipeg, Mrs. and Miss Nelles and Miss Hodgetts of London, Mr. and Mrs. Coleman, and others.

Mrs. Sam G. Parkin of Lindsay, and Mrs. W. Stewart Curran of Detroit, Mich., are visiting their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fawcett, at their home in Grenville street.

Messrs. D. W. Douglas, John Linton, F. J. Linton, and T. E. Bell, of the Standard Bank, Campbellford, are spending a few weeks at Port Carling, Muskoka.

The Presbyterian Ladies' College, which has been a most successful and exceedingly popular institution, will enter upon its thirteenth year on September 11, 1901. The new principal is Miss Margaret T. Scott, who has just resigned her position as lady principal of the Provincial Model School, Toronto, for the purpose of associating herself with the Presbyterian Ladies' College.

Hotel Hanlan is turning away would-be guests every day, from lack of accommodation, and the airy hostelry is full of summer sojourners. Under the management of Mr. Solomon a new patronage has been established, and one which always means prosperity.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Gamble have been spending some time at Hotel Hanlan.

Sir William Howland is still at St. Catharines, where he finds it agrees with him very well. Lady Howland and Miss Bessie Bethune were contemplating a trip to Port Arthur.

Mrs. Burnett (nee Ferguson), of Eastlawn, is visiting her husband's people near Montreal. Miss Frank Ferguson has been at Eastlawn since her late sister's illness was serious, and is to return to her studies in New York later on.

General and Mrs. Sandham returned from Muskoka on Wednesday, where they visited Mr. and Mrs. Gzowski.

The I.A.A.A. held their first evening of aquatic sports at Long Pond last Wednesday, and the hours passed all too quickly for the excellent fun provided.

Mrs. Rowand of St. Patrick street and her daughters are spending the heated term at Murray Bay.

Mrs. W. McCaskill Warden has been ill and is still confined to her room. Mrs. Villiers Sankey and Miss Ireland are, I hear, going to the Atlantic seacoast for a vacation visit.

Two birthday celebrations took place at the Island this week, when a pretty mother and her graceful daughter celebrated the same day of the month as their anniversary.

Mrs. Norman A. Sinclair sailed on Saturday for Bermuda, where she will spend the next four months, visiting her brothers, Mr. J. C. and Dr. T. M. Allan.

Miss Mildred Cumberland, daughter of Mr. Barlow Cumberland, is visiting Mrs. Campbell in Simcoe. Miss Annie Atkinson of St. Kitts is visiting Mrs. Riorlan in Queen's Park.

Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Hamilton of St. Mary street, and their daughter, Mrs. Allworth, are at Ocean Grove, N.J.

Mrs. Bell of New York is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Clarkson Jones of Queen's Park.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Scott Leach of St. George street are at "Sahara," Hanlan's Point, for the summer.

The engagement of Miss Lucy Dorothea O'Brien and Mr. Edward Charles Turner of Eglinton is announced.

Mr. and Mrs. John Foy and their family are at Niagara-on-the-Lake. Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Macdonald of Jarvis street have gone to Rye Beach.

The Misses McLeod of St. George street are visiting friends in Halifax.

Lieut. Colonel J. Vance Graveley is at the Arlington, Cobourg.

Rev. H. H. Bedford-Jones has been appointed incumbent of St. Peter's church, Brockville, to succeed his father.

Mrs. Thomas J. Hall (nee Boothe) is at Balmy Beach, and will not receive until the autumn.

Mr. P. C. Larkin, accompanied by his family, will sail on the "Oceanic" on Wednesday next, on a two months' trip to Europe. Mrs. McQuoid, with her nephew, Master Gerald R. Larkin, has gone to Muskoka for the summer.

Mr. Yarker has closed his house in Simcoe street for the summer, and with Mrs. and Miss Yarker will occupy Prof. Hutton's residence in Queen's Park during that time.

Mr. Burnett Laing, who has been so long laid up with a fractured ankle in the General Hospital, went last week to Penetang with his sister, Miss Amy Laing.

Miss Jeanie Wallbridge was one of the bridesmaids at an extra smart wedding in England last month.

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1 quart blackberries, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup ice water, or chopped ice, 6 Shredded Wheat Biscuits, 1 pint thin cream, powdered sugar. Wash and pick over the berries, crush 1 of them, add the sugar and ice water, set in cool place 1 with a sharp pointed knife an oblong cavity in the top of the biscuit about 1 inch from sides and end; carefully remove the top and all inside shreds, making a basket. Fill with the crushed berries, letting the syrup saturate the biscuit. Put the whole berries on top, sprinkle with powdered sugar and serve with cream. Raspberries, strawberries, bananas, may be prepared in the same way. Blueberries may be used without crushing. Pineapple, peaches or cantaloupe may also be used, paring and cutting fine with silver knife, using same proportions of sugar and water.

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### Social and Personal.

**L**AST Saturday afternoon the marriage of Rev. F. C. Heathcote, formerly of St. Simon's Church, and now rector of St. Clement's, and Miss Evelyn Marguerite Smith, daughter of Mr. J. F. Smith of Rosedale, was solemnized in St. Simon's Church. Rev. Provost Macklem of Trinity, to whose devotion and energy St. Simon's owes its beginning as a parish, performed the ceremony. The chancel was profusely decorated with the bride's name flower, marguerites. Both the bride and groom are assured of the affection of everyone in the parish, and the good wishes which greeted them were uttered with hearty conviction of their fulfillment. Miss Smith was a dainty summer bride, in a white silk and chiffon gown and tulle veil, and her bouquet was of white roses. Miss Muriel Smith was bridesmaid for her sister, and Rev. Fred G. Plummer was groomsmen. A choral service was performed by the ladies' supplied choir of St. Clement's and Mr. Beach, their organist. At the conclusion of the service Mendelssohn's Wedding March was played by Mr. J. W. F. Harrison, organist of St. Simon's Church. Among the invited guests were Dr. and Mrs. Larratt Smith, Rev. Lennox Smith, Mrs. Becher, Miss Macklem, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Fleming, the Rev. E. and Mrs. Wood, Miss Harper, Miss Zoe Shortt, Rev. A. J. Broughall, Mrs. Broughall, Miss Bessie McLean Howard, Miss Fanny Kirkpatrick, Rev. Mr. Norrie, Mrs. Charles Fuller, the Misses Fuller, Mr. Despard, Miss Playter and a large number of the parishioners of St. Clement's Church. Mr. and Mrs. Heathcote went to Niagara for their honeymoon. St. Clement's Church is away out east, and the rector and his bride will reside in Pope avenue, where no doubt Mr. Heathcote will find new help and inspiration in the splendid work he is doing, in the gentle helpmeet he has so wisely chosen. The family of the bride are noted for their strong churchmanship, and have since the opening of St. Simon's Church been devoted workers.

Mrs. Clinch and Mrs. Welford of Woodstock are to spend the vacation together, near Quebec. Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Anglin took a bicycle tour for their summer trip, going west via London to Detroit, stopping a day here and there en route, and returning by way of Buffalo and the Pan-American. The holiday was most enjoyable and free from any but pleasant happenings. What used to be a very common way of spending a Darby and Joan holiday is now so rare that it almost partakes of the nature of a "social departure." It is really one of the sanest and most delightful ways of spending a fortnight, as anyone who tries it will find out. They will also note considerable improvement in Canadian roads.

Mrs. J. R. Stratton is visiting her sister, Mrs. Gooding, in Rat Portage. Mr. and Mrs. Alan Sullivan are spending the summer camping in the woods.

Among Toronto people who find their own beautiful homes too tempting to leave are Dr. and Mrs. Goldwin Smith, who only vary their summer by a trip to Niagara-on-the-Lake for the tennis events. The Grange is almost the only old homestead in the city which has preserved its charming precincts, and has grand old trees, immense lawns, rose garden terrace and delightful house in perfect trim and loveliness as of yore.

Miss Grace Hunter is to spend part of her holiday trip to Prince Edward Island with Lady Davies. Mrs. and Miss Brouse are shortly going on a month's visit to Prescott friends.

On Wednesday of last week, at Detroit, Mr. William Martin Brown, formerly of London, Ont., and now practicing law in Detroit, and Miss Bertha Rolis, daughter of Mr. Edwin Cecil Rolis, formerly of Chatham, Ont., were married by Rev. William Clark, D.D., of Emmanuel Presbyterian Church. It was a house wedding, and the guests were only relatives and very intimate friends. The sister of the bride, Miss Lillian Edith Rolis, was her only attendant. Dr. B. Lawrence Bryant was best man. The wedding dress was dainty and summerlike, of white organdie with lace, tulle veil and orange blossoms. The bouquet was of white roses and marguerites. Mr. Montague Rolis, cousin of the bride, gave her away. The bridesmaid wore a yellow mousseline de sole frock and carried yellow roses and ferns. Mr. and Mrs. Brown will be at home after the first of September.

Mr. and Mrs. Lash have gone to Lake Rosseau for the summer. Mrs. W. W. Ogden and Miss Vera Ogden are at Honey Harbor, Georgian Bay. Mr. and Mrs. Alexis Kirkpatrick went to the Pan-American last week.

On Tuesday afternoon Mrs. Chapman of Coleraine Lodge, Blecker street, gave a tea for her pretty sister, Mrs. Goodeve, of Ottawa, at which, in spite of the intense heat, a nice party assembled. The pretty suite of rooms were lighted and decorated with flowers. In the third room a bright table, done with nasturtiums and set with all cool and tempting dainties, was presided over by Miss Hazel Chapman and Miss Thorne. Mrs. Chapman, in a richly-trimmed violet gown, with point lace empiement, received with the guest of honor and Miss Hirschfelder in the drawing-room. A few of the guests were Mrs. and Miss Fuller, Mrs.

Winnett, Mrs. Phillips, Miss DesBarres, Miss Hiam of Montreal, Mrs. Denison.

If you are the happy possessor of a yacht or steam launch you can do the gracious nowadays to as many friends as your craft will comfortably hold. In the outlandish heat of the past week the lake breezes have been unusually appreciated, and many nice sailing parties have gone out.

Mrs. Boulton of Iver House and her daughter, Mrs. Longfield Smith, have arrived from Barbadoes. After the very anxious time suffered by the Boulton family during Mrs. Smith's long illness, which necessitated Mr. and Mrs. Boulton and Miss Boulton taking a trip to Barbadoes, it is good news to hear that the sufferer is almost as well as ever and much welcomed to Toronto.

Major Hewitt is visiting Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Osler at Beechcroft, Roach's Point. Mrs. Gordon Osler will spend the vacation down the St. Lawrence. Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Mowat are back from Gananogue.

Dr. Temple has this week received a cablegram from Lieut. Reginald Temple, announcing his safe arrival in Cape Town, South Africa.

Mr. and Mrs. William Wilson and their daughter, Mrs. A. R. Gordon, and her little ones, are spending some time at Peninsular Park Hotel, Lake Simcoe.

The Argonauts departed for Philadelphia on Wednesday. "We know we're fast enough. All we ask is a fair course and a chance to win," were the final words of one of them. If good wishes could secure everything required, they will win.

Miss Sophie Michie goes to Muskoka in a fortnight, with Captain Michie, will spend some time at Georgian Bay.

Miss Nonie Crozier, one of the prettiest of the West Side young set, has gone to Belleville for a visit of several weeks. Miss Emily McWilliams has been on a short visit to Miss Chadwick, Center Island.

Mrs. R. T. Coady and Miss Edith Coady have gone to Grimsby Park. They left town last Monday.

Miss Edith Northwood of Chatham is the guest of Mrs. Charles McLeod, 510 Jarvis street.

Major and Mrs. Brock and Mrs. James Burnham are spending their holiday time on the Maine sea-coast. Mrs. Geary and Miss Geary have gone to Port Dover for the summer.

Colonel and Mrs. Bruce are to spend their holidays among the Thousand Islands. Captain John Michie has gone to Muskoka for his holidays. He is for a fortnight the guest of Mr. Willie Crowther, Major Robertson, 45th Highlanders, has been granted three months' leave for transatlantic travels, and left on Tuesday morning. On Monday evening he gave a jolly farewell dinner at the Toronto Club to a party of gentlemen. Captain Wyatt went away at the same time, and the two are to travel together.

Dr. J. T. Fotheringham, who has been abroad for some months, has returned home.

Mr. and Mrs. Tripp and Mrs. Grant-ham are summering in Prince Edward Island. Mrs. Stephen Murray Jarvis (nee Montgomery) is visiting her people in Huron street. Mrs. Denison of Heydon Villa is detained from her sojourn at Cap a l'Aigle by the illness of her only child, who has contracted measles. Miss Alice Conventon is at Ferndale, Muskoka, where a lot of well-known people are spending the summer.

Mr. Otto M. Torrington, who has been spending his vacation with his father and mother at the Toronto College of Music, returns to New York next week. He is remembered by many here for his sweet 'cello playing, and it is gratifying to learn that, although he



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is devoting himself to art of another kind, he keeps up his playing on this delightful instrument under very favorable auspices in New York.

The automobile is the latest caper for the smart wedding. A couple of these machines were used for a wedding this week, with great eclat.

Miss Honor Clayton of Ottawa has returned home. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Welsman have gone to Muskoka for the vacation. Some time ago Mrs. Leonard, who left Toronto for her new home in Winnipeg last month, invited Mrs. Jean Blewett to join her in a trip to the Coast. Mrs. Blewett is now in Winnipeg, and I dare say by this time the ladies are en route. A trip with Mrs. Leonard means all the luxury that can attend the wife of a railway official of high standing.

Weird and woolly stories are being printed of the pitfalls prepared for green Canadians, not in the Pan-Am, nor Buffalo, but at Niagara Falls. The loathsome tale of the snake-eating woman is quite true, and this disgusting feature of the fake Midway at the "American" Falls should be recognized as a disgrace to any civilized community and promptly suppressed. There is no word in the dictionary to properly describe or condemn it.

### Character in How You Smoke.

"Royal Magazine."

A MAN may possess a most creative nature, he may have a face as destitute of meaning as a stone wall and a manner of speech absolutely non-committal; but watch him over his cigarette; note his manner of holding it between his lips or his fingers; see how he puffs the smoke out of his mouth, what he does with the ash, if he consumes the cigarette to a mere stump or throws it away half finished, and, sure as fate, you will read his character like a book. Cigarette, I said, for a cigarette, and a cigar in a lesser degree, are much better character revealers than a pipe. A man sticks a pipe into the side of his mouth and puffs away, and there's an end of it. You discover next to nothing, unless, indeed, he happens to puff very violently, which is a certain indication of a nervous, irritable temper. From the filling of a pipe, to be sure, many luminous little hints may be gathered. You see a man stuff his bowl quickly and lavishly, letting loose threads of tobacco dangle over the brim while he applies the match; if he be not good-natured, generous to a fault, careless, indolent, quick to make friends, quick to forget them, I shall be much astonished. One notices men very often taking their cigars from an upper waistcoat pocket into which they have been stuffed. Too poor to buy themselves a cigar-case? Not a bit of it, but too untidy to keep one or too lazy to arrange their cigars into one. And the same men almost invariably bite the tips off their cigars, instead of using a penknife or a cigar-clipper—a shocking habit that not merely fills the mouth with tobacco grit, but disarranges the outer leaf, often spoiling an otherwise excellent smoke.

The cigar once happily prepared for smoking, observe how your man holds it between his teeth. But stay! The operation of lighting has also its interest. The tobacco epicure grips his cigar not merely with his teeth when applying the match, but with the finger and thumb of his left hand also, and between every third puff draws the weed from his mouth and examines the glowing end, in order to make sure that it has been ignited equally all round.

The majority of men hold their cigars with the front teeth and puff the smoke out on either side of it. A large minority hold them in the corner of the mouth, so that if you happen to be walking behind them on a dark night you catch sight of the glowing end protruding just below the ear. Others, again—and these, as a rule, are persons of vivacious temperament—sel-

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No. 10 in Real Seal, Black, leather lined, fancy metal frame. Price, \$3.00.

No. 12, Real Seal, Black, large size, leather lined, very handsome oxidized frame. Price, \$5.50.  
6 inch, \$7.00.

Our range is too large to describe in full. These are just a few selections. The prices are from \$1.00 to \$7.00.

No. 14, Real Morocco, leather lined, black. Price—5 in., \$2.  
No. 16, Real Seal, leather lined, black. Price—5 in., \$3.  
No. 18, Real Seal, in Gray, Chocolate, Tan, leather lined. Price—5 in., \$3.50

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dom keep their cigars for two consecutive moments between their lips. They take a few puffs, and then the cigar is given a rest between finger and thumb. A man of determined character, energetic, pugnacious, impatient, often betrays himself by giving his cigar an upward tilt while consuming it—a favorite method with the Yankee, to whom the above epithets are distinctly applicable. The contemplative, dreamy individual will let it droop towards his chin; while level-headed persons—and fortunately they form the vast majority—hold theirs horizontally. Naturally insolent people frequently omit to remove the cigar from their mouths when speaking to you, while others of a sultry, brooding disposition chew the end into horrible pulp. And is there anything more eloquent of stinging than the habit, largely indulged in by Germans, of sticking the stump of a cigar on the small blade of a penknife and consuming it until the glow almost touches the lips?

### Advantageous Terms.

"I hear that you have compromised your suit for damages against the P. D. and Q. Railroad Company." "Yes." "Advantageously?" "Very." "What were the terms?" "They paid my lawyer's bill."—"Town Topics."

### Just The Same.

Bobby—Mamma, if God is as good as you say he is, why doesn't He always answer our prayers? "He does, Bobby, when they deserve to be answered." "Well, I prayed that I might not steal any more jam out of the butler's pantry, but it didn't make any difference."—"Life."

### A Street Scene.

Child—Oh, mother, stop; I want to look at that man just run over by the car. "Come along, do! There will be another presently a little further on."—"Life."

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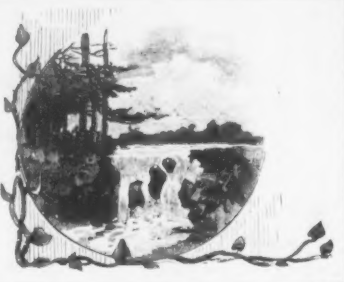


## The Man in the Cave

A Curious Record of Adventure

For SATURDAY NIGHT

By E. L.



IN the summer of 18—, while making a pedestrian tour through Holland and Belgium, I found myself one night at the quaint and interesting old town of Maestricht. After inspecting the Church of St. Gervais, and, close by, the historic square in which William de la Marck, the "Wild Boy" of the Ardennes, was beheaded, I sought out an hotel, and was delighted to find there another Englishman, a traveler like myself. We immediately became fast friends. In the course of conversation my companion drew my attention to the wonderful caves which exist in the vicinity of Maestricht; and, as the subject has always possessed a strong fascination for me—ever indeed since my youthful fancy was enchanted by the doings of Ali Baba and his forty thieves, I immediately became extremely interested. Upon consulting a Baedeker I found that these caves extended underground for a distance of fifteen miles, and should never be entered without a guide. Should one of these remain absent for more than three hours, another is sent in search of him; for so dangerous are these caves that even men who have known them all their lives are liable to lose their way. All this, instead of deterring me, only increased my curiosity and interest. I resolved, therefore, to visit these wonderful caves upon the morrow, and, as my companion offered to accompany me, we arranged to go together.

Next morning we were up early, and soon on our way. It was a perfect day, the sun shining gloriously and the air feeling brisk and exhilarating. Our route lay along the valley of the Meuse, which in some places is equal in beauty to the Rhine. We passed pretty little villages, with their father-confessor the church in the center, nestling at the foot of the cliff bordering our path; while on the other side, by the canal, crossed here and there by diminutive bridges, which turned on a pivot and allowed the dainty forms of little steamers to glide through. Presently we came upon indications of the caves, which grew more pretentious as we advanced, and so important that hotels and cafes clustered where they abounded. An hour's walk brought us at last to our destination—a large village, whose cafe-signs seemed to announce that, besides ministering to the wants of the "inner man," their proprietors gratified the curiosity of tourists by conducting them through the caves. Here the cliff rose to the height of an hundred feet or more, and was ascended by two roads stretching diagonally up its face. Stopping a moment at a cafe, we endeavored to make its proprietor understand that we required the services of a guide; but in this, owing to our lamentable ignorance of the French language, we utterly failed.

Having perforce to proceed alone, we mounted one of the paths aforementioned, and found ourselves, when about halfway up the cliff, in front of a recess. Here we found what we wanted—a cave, with an opening so large that it would have accommodated with the greatest ease a carriage and pair.

My companion and I were delighted; the affair partook somewhat of the nature of a schoolboy frolic, where the presence of guides was undesirable as that of masters. Having fortunately taken care to provide ourselves with candles, we at once lit one, and, with all the ardor of adventurers exploring an unknown region, proceeded to enter the cave.

With the first step we left the bright world and gay sunshine behind us. The air met us cold, gloomy, and forbidding. Both started, as with an eerie whistling of wings, a huge bird, a crow or a raven, fluttered into the sunlight. Rallying ourselves, however, and laughing at our fears, we once more pressed forward. We found ourselves in a kind of antechamber, composed of several recesses, in two or three of which were piles of brushwood used in making torches, and in one a cart. On the walls—of which they might be called, for in reality they were huge, uncouth pillars—were scratched names innumerable, and in places rude drawings and verses. Under our feet was sand, and before us—with a roof as cleanly cut as though shaped by human agency, and with openings on either side—stretched the illimitable depth of the cave.

"Let's make a torch," said my companion; "this place is too much for me! The darkness gets on my nerves. It makes one feel as if he were in the catacombs at Rome."

We attempted to do so; but, as our efforts proved ineffectual, we lit another candle and proceeded some sixty or seventy yards along the track. Beyond this point, however, my companion would not go. Nothing would induce him to budge another inch. As we had turned two or three corners, and had already passed several tracks which crossed ours and ramified in all directions, I had to acknowledge that he certainly had reason on his side. Speaking for myself, I was just beginning to feel the intense excitement of penetrating thus into the very bowels of the earth. I had often read of the strange fascination which the Alps exercise over those who have once climbed them; how these will return, year after year, they know not why—perhaps in the end to perish miserably in some ice-bound crevasse. I had to confess that here, too, was an attraction—a weird and a terrible one, which perhaps only those morbidly inclined would feel and respond to.

I found myself left alone to these reflections, for already my companion had turned and was on his way back. From the way his hand shook I could see that he did not at all relish the

idea of being in this subterranean prison, and that nothing would please him so much as a sight of the open air. I hurried after him; and could not refrain from breaking into laughter, as, turning a corner and seeing the disc of daylight at the mouth of the cave, he dropped his candle and made all speed towards it. Following in a more leisurely manner, I found my fellow-explorer sitting upon a rock at the entrance, wiping the perspiration from his face.

"Well, you were in a hurry to get out!" I said, laughing.

"I was; and I am not ashamed of it, either," he returned with some heat, "failing to see anything ludicrous in his hasty flight."

To change the subject, I suggested that we should descend to the village and have something to eat. This met with his acquiescence, and presently we were seated in a bright little cafe, discussing a homely meal of ham and eggs, washed down by a bottle of wine. Leaving the scene of our morning's adventure—which had only whetted my curiosity instead of satisfying it—we proceeded in a leisurely fashion to retrace our steps to Maestricht. There my new-found friend, with many warnings not to again place myself under the fascination of the caves, took his leave en route for Cologne and the Rhine. Left alone, instead of continuing my way, as I had intended, to Hasselt, I lingered at the town, visiting once again its chief places of interest and cheating myself into the belief that I had not thoroughly exhausted its attractions. In reality, however, it was not the town, but the caves, that attracted me; that weird fascination they had exercised still held me and was now stronger than ever. They seemed to hold forth a silent challenge, daring me to penetrate their awesome, mysterious depths, and branding me with the name of coward if I refused. It was as if they were sentient, breathing monsters, lying there with mouths agape, waiting for the first man who should come and master them.

It ended, as I had anticipated, in my accepting the challenge, and resolving to prove the extent of my courage and resources. I was aware of the foolhardy and hazardous nature of the attempt; and the knowledge that others before me had also been led away and had perished miserably was painfully vivid; but to counterbalance these was the joy of a student battling with a difficulty and overcoming it, and the proud thought that should I succeed in penetrating these caves to their furthest limit, I, Harold Carlow, would be the first man in the world who had done so and lived to tell the tale.

Having thus made up my mind, I cast about for means to carry my resolve into effect. At first I thought of employing string, which I could let out behind me and thus record my path; but the idea of carrying a ball of string measuring little short of twenty miles, was not only absurd, but caused me to shudder at the possibility of its becoming frayed and broken. Having rejected various other expedients, I at length hit upon the one of employing chalk; which would fulfil the necessary requirements, i.e., smallness and lightness of bulk, with an equal capacity for recording my steps—that is, by marking the sides as I went along. Now came the question: How should I, among the countless diverging paths, be able to direct my course in a straight line? This was soon answered—in fact, I had the answer in my pocket in the shape of a compass.

The preliminaries being thus settled, I proceeded to stock my knapsack with the necessary articles. As I did not intend to remain more than twenty-four hours in the caves, the food and drink question did not exercise my mind so much as the lighting. After some cogitation I came to the conclusion that it would be best to take candles; for I had nervous objections against employing a lamp, which might explode, or the oil become spilt.

Next morning saw me astir early, and on my way once more to the fateful caves. As before, the day was superb; never did Nature look fairer or life more enjoyable. The murmuring Meuse shone rosily, and in places was

### Hard to Break.

But the Coffee Habit Can be Put Off.

"I was a coffee user from early childhood, but it finally made me so nervous that I spent a great many sleepless nights, starting at every sound I heard and suffering with a continual dull headache. My hands trembled and I was also troubled with shortness of breath and palpitation of the heart. The whole system showed a poisoned condition and I was told to leave off coffee, for that was the cause of it. I was unable to break myself of the habit until some one induced me to try Postum Food Coffee."

The first trial, the Food Coffee was flat and tasteless, and I thought it was horrid stuff, but my friend urged me to try again and let it boil longer. This time I had a very delightful beverage and have been enjoying it ever since, and am now in a very greatly improved condition of health.

My brother is also using Postum instead of coffee and a friend of ours, Mr. W., who was a great coffee user, found himself growing more and more nervous, and was troubled at times with dizzy spells. His wife suffered with nausea and indigestion, also from coffee. They left it off and have been using Postum Food Coffee for some time, and are now in a perfect condition of health." Grace C. M., Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio. Put a piece of butter in the pot, the size of two peas, to prevent boiling over

a molten gold. The birds twittered joyfully, and far up in the air a lark was trilling his morning carol.

As I entered the little village above which was situated the cave, my heart nearly "flew into my mouth," as the saying is, when an excise officer accosted me, demanding, with the single ejaculation, "Oppen!" that I should disclose the contents of my knapsack. Continuing my way, I soon found myself at the cave. Once again its grim jaws yawned before me, and again the bird of ill-omen fluttered into the sunshine. I took out my watch and carefully noted the time; then, with a piece of chalk in one hand and a lighted candle in the other, I passed quietly into the Stygian gloom before me.

It would be absurd to say that I did not feel nervous, even at the very outset; also that I refrained from casting round half-involuntary glances of apprehension. Now that I was alone, the tense unearthly stillness of the place and its tomb-like aspect struck me more forcibly than ever, and led me again to indulge in a morbid train of thought. It seemed as though I were walking through some Valhalla, a Hall of the Dead, and that I had severed myself for ever from the bright, living world without. My footsteps made no noise, and my voice, when I called, sounded hollow and sepulchral. But I sighed aloud and affected a cheerful note, for I could not feel as I wished and prove myself superior to my environment.

Meanwhile I had been making steady progress. I had passed countless openings—some going but a few yards and leading to nothing, others tunnels in themselves. Corners had been turned, and transverse tracks had met mine and been left far behind. Not a dozen yards were covered but I recorded the fact in chalk; and my compass assured me that I was preserving a course tolerably straight, and vertical to the mouth of the cave, which I judged would carry me further than I came, at a rough calculation, at least two miles; and still there stretched before me the black, fathomless gloom of the cave-aisle, with its smooth, square-cut roof and sides, carved by no hand of man, but the work of Nature herself—Nature in one of her daring, most lavish and mysterious moods.

I felt a complacency, a sense of proud satisfaction with myself as I stepped forward. I said to myself that man is a free agent, and that it lay in my power to relinquish any instant what I felt bound to confess was a foolhardy experiment. But was I able to turn back? Could I, of my own strength of will, resist the fascination of penetrating to its utmost limit this cold, strange, merciless labyrinth? I recalled to mind reading of people—one of them a great author—who had been possessed of a strange disease which caused them to touch everything they came across in a room—and, good gracious! now that I thought of it, I had been afflicted that way myself as a boy; for many a time had I returned to a room and touched a certain panel of the door. Were we free agents, then? and was there a part of me over which I had no control which had resolved to proceed to the end, whether I wished it or no? The answer I did not attempt to supply, but hastily changed the current of my thoughts; the subject was too disconcerting an one to be discussed at twelve o'clock—not at night, but at noon on a genial summer's day, miles away underground in the very bowels of the earth.

I had now been in the caves for something over two hours. Feeling the want of refreshment, I sat down, and, taking off my knapsack, produced a flask of liquor and some concentrated meat. I partook sparingly, confining my attention almost exclusively to the fiery stimulant. As yet I had traversed but half the distance, but I felt perfectly satisfied; already the tracks were growing fainter, and soon the marks of footsteps would cease altogether. It was much colder; and I thanked myself for having on all my available wardrobe. My mind fell a-thinking; but as the tenor of my thoughts was anything but pleasant, I said to myself that I would have to bestir myself.

Once again, therefore, I was up and upon my way, determined that, come as they might, I would not entertain such terrible and morbid reflections. It would defeat the purpose I had in view—which was to penetrate the hideous, formidable depths of these caves and proclaim myself to the world as their master. Then I would have the proud consciousness of being enrolled in that little intrepid body of men who have dared the Fearful and the Unknown, and—with alas! many of their number missing—have carved to themselves names above their fellow-mortals. Filled with this glorious incitement, I pressed on eagerly and hopefully, making no further stop till I had placed another five miles between myself and the outer air. Consulting my watch, I found that I had now been more than three hours in this subterranean maze. Hastily snatching some mouthfuls of food, and pressing the flask to my lips—this time more generously, for the strain had begun to tell upon me, and I felt a burning desire to drink—I took a long draught of what I was doing—I quickly resumed my way. The ground I was treading now I felt certain had never been pressed by the foot of man; indeed, it was so cold that had any party of tourists, or even of guides themselves, ventured thus far, they would have turned back for that consideration alone. The aspect of the place had changed. I no longer made my way through well-defined galleries, straight and unbroken, save for the tunnels and recesses along their sides, but picked a devious path through a perfect honeycomb of irregularly-shaped cells, open on all sides and supported by rough, squat pillars. Nature seemed here to have relaxed her orderly and artistic mood, and to have added thoughtlessly these finishing touches in order to carry out fully her inscrutable design.

Suddenly I stopped, and the candle nearly dropped from my hand. Even Robinson Crusoe himself, upon beholding the savage footprint in the sand, could have felt a greater terror than I, for I gazed at the object before me. It was a glove! Bewildered and stupefied, I picked it up. It was of an ancient pattern, fashioned quite unlike those of the present day. It could not have been less than a century old. This discovery astonished—nay, astounded me, and put all my vain imaginations to flight. Someone, then, had been here before me, who had braved the terrors of these caves and lived to tell the tale. The thought was tantalizing—unbearable—almost incredible. Yet there was the evidence in my hand! I felt crushed, humiliated, beaten. Mechanically, still grasping the glove, I moved on, hardly caring whither I went. The gloomy vista of the great hall I was in—for the character of the caves had again changed, and once more I was threading galleries, this time of an immense height—the ghostly stalagmites gleaming in the light of the candle, passed unnoticed. I felt that I was passing my way. I was conscious now of the intense, almost insufferable cold; of my weary condition and cramped limbs; and above all of the utter futility of my enterprise. Disdaining to stop, though I sorely needed something to revive my drooping spirits, I passed half-unconsciously round what I took to be a corner, but which was merely a recess in the gallery. Finding my way blocked, for the first time since finding the glove, I raised my eyes. There before me was a man—a man clad in the costume of our forefathers, dishevelled, a jagged axe by his side, lying with wide-opened, staring eyes

What followed I do not quite remember; the whole is but a hideous dream. I have a dim consciousness of gazing spell-bound, with the grim fascination of fear, into those terrible orbs, then of giving a wild unearthly yell and rushing far—far from that accursed spot. Blind terror possessed me; I knew not whither I went. The candle dropped from my hand; still I rushed on, mad with the delirium of horror, possessed of but one thought—to escape this Thing that had started from the grave, this terror of the tombs.

Hours afterwards I came to myself. I had dashed against the side of a cave, and now lay bruised, numbed, and covered with blood and sand. For a time I remained, not daring to think; but as the full consciousness of what had happened stole upon me, and that Terror rose before my mental vision, I groaned aloud and the sweat of fear broke out upon me. With trembling hands I unclipped my knapsack, which providentially still clung to my back, and drank what remained of the flask. Next I struck a match and lit a candle. As the struggling flame lit up the surrounding darkness, I gazed about me, fearfully, half expecting to see again that terrible, ghastly form, with its staring eyes fixed in their morbid glare. But all I saw was the sides of the gloomy vault in which I lay. And now a new terror assailed me: Where was I, and how was I to regain my previous course? This was one compared with which my late fright was nothing. If lost, and unable to find my way back to the chalk marks, by which alone could I ever hope to escape from this fearful labyrinth, I should indeed be in a living grave, for I might wander forever in this accursed place and not find an exit. And now the words in the guide-book returned to my mind with hideous force, and explained the presence of that Thing I had seen: "The bodies of foolhardy explorers were formerly not infrequently found in the more remote recesses, preserved from decay by the properties of the tufa." This, then, was to be my fate: instead of living to proclaim and boast of my deed, I would die, and my dead body would remain, uncoffined and undiscovered, for centuries—a silent witness to my folly. Roused by this thought almost to a frenzy, with head reeling and eyes starting, I bent down and endeavored to pick my way back—yes! even to that Horror in the cave—anywhere, so long as I escaped from this living sepulchre and gained once more the blessed sunshine. Never till then had life appeared so precious or so much to be desired.

But in vain. Hour after hour passed, and still I sought on, with the feverish energy of despair, now searching the sand, now glaring at the walls, my prison—all my efforts were fruitless. Candle after candle was consumed—recklessly, heedlessly; even had I found my course, I should never have been able to reach the daylight with those I had left. I had no means of telling the time, for my watch had been dashed to pieces in my first frenzied rush of terror. My compass, which I had held in the same hand as the chalk, was gone too.

Never did human being endure such agonies of despair and horror as I during the next few hours. Then, merciful Nature came to my deliverance; for my mind began to wander. At times I wept, at times I prayed; then I would break out into hysterical laughter, to be followed by blasphemy and despairing shrieks. Ever and anon I had lucid intervals; perhaps to find myself sitting on the floor of a cave mumbled and mowing or lying in the dark utterly exhausted and well-nigh dead. Then I would feel, with the little strength I had left, to see if perchance a candle remained, and, shudderingly, would light it, the while gazing round with fearful expectancy.

At last there came a break. I was conscious of light—the whole place being illumined with a red smoky glare—of the sound of men's voices raised in astonishment and joy—and of strong arms being round me and of loving words spoken. Then I must have lapsed into unconsciousness, for I remember nothing more.

One morning I awoke, to find myself in a cheerful little room, with an aged peasant working by my side. Bewildered, I passed my hand across my eyes to assure myself that I was not dreaming. Then I expressed my astonishment in words, as well as my weakness would allow. My companion took no notice at first, then, regarding me intently, she muttered some words and left the room. After a while she returned, bringing one who spoke English. Then I learnt all.

It appears that on the day I entered the cave, unknown to myself, I had been observed by a peasant, and, out of curiosity, had waited about the entrance, finding that I did not reappear, he had entered himself, and discovered the chalk marks. He immediately communicated the intelligence to his elders, and they, knowing the danger to which I was exposed, at once formed a party of guides and set out in search of me. Guided by the chalk marks they had proceeded till they, too, had found that solitary, terrible inhabitant of the tomb. Here the courage of some had given way, and they had taken to flight; but returning, all had united once more in the search for my body—for they never expected to find me alive. Dispersing themselves and conducting their investigations systematically, they had at length, after some hours, chanced upon me, more dead than alive. Then carrying their mournful burden and my, unconscious form, they had retraced their steps, reaching daylight after an absence of eighteen hours.

In the brain fever that ensued, my life had been despaired of; but by dint of kind nursing, and through the possession of a vigorous constitution, I had recovered—having been brought back literally from the grave. As to my companion—if by that I can designate the century-old remains of the unfortunate being who had met a living death in the dark windings of the caves—he had been for the last few weeks lying in a real grave. Above his head had been found rudely cut in the stone his name and that of the year when Death had met him in so terrible a form; and this mournful inscription, guarded so jealously by the silent, exulting caves, is the only record left to tell the tale. One of my first walks, upon attaining complete recovery, was to an unpretending but strangely interesting grave in Maestricht, which drew daily a group of wondering visitors. None knew better than I the significance of the inscription at its head:—

PAUL VERONER.

Lost his life in 1786 in the caves near Maestricht; was discovered, and by God's grace received Christian burial: June, 18—.

### Case in Strathroy.

Mrs. Eliza Browne of Metcalfe Street Cured of Dyspepsia—Great Interest of Case For Other Dyspeptics—Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets the Means of Her Cure.

The interest in the case of Mrs. Eliza Browne, Metcalfe street, Strathroy, centers not so much in her disease, which is common enough, but her cure, which cannot be too thoroughly known. Her disease was Dyspepsia, or debility of the Stomach. She had the only two usual symptoms of heartburn and pain after eating. Her stomach would not digest her food, and she was losing flesh and strength steadily.

Her case was effected by Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets, and it is on that point that sufferers from Dyspepsia are invited to center their attention. Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets are curing Chronic Dyspepsia, Dyspepsia of five and six years' standing, all over the country. People are writing every day to express their hearty appreciation of Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets, because they do what everything else fails to do—they cure. This case of Mrs. Browne's in Strathroy is not the only one in Mrs. Browne's circle of friends. But it is a typical one, and it is a genuine one. The facts are sure. Here is Mrs. Browne's letter:

"I have been troubled with Dyspepsia and Indigestion for over a year. I could positively get no relief. I would have heartburn after every meal, and tried my best to get something to stop it and failed."

"I heard of Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets, and bought a box from Mr. Dyas, the druggist. After I had used several boxes of them I found to my surprise I could stop taking any more and no longer be a subject to heartburn, nor have I had any other sign of a return of this dreadful disease."

### A Rural Scene.

"The herd is heard to low on high, Mounting the mountain steep; The weary shepherds lie below To get a bit of sleep."

The little swallows gulp and choke The early worms that now are slow; While penned within the barnyard pen, The pensive piglets wail low.

### The Food of Genius.

An English writer thinks he has discovered a food particularly adapted to the literary man. He asserts that apples, and raw apples at that, are the best diet on which to feed genius. In the London "Spectator" he tells of the penchant of his father, a man of letters who lived to the age of nearly ninety, for apple pudding, which he ate almost daily, and for raw apples, which he ate morning, noon and night. He adds: "It is surprising how many persons fancy that raw apples are indigestible, and only endurable in the early morning. Doubtless the old adage that fruit is gold in the morning, silver in the middle of the day, and lead at night is to some extent answerable for this, to my thinking, erroneous impression. I find that after working late at night, say till 12 or 1 o'clock in the

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85 King Street West, Toronto

morning, one gets hungry, and that then five or six apples or more, according to their size, with a draft of good cider, constitute a most agreeable and wholesome supper, and one that conduces to a sound and refreshing night's rest. But apples, to be really beneficial, should be eaten as children eat them, rind and all, and in sufficient quantities to be satisfying. The man who, first paring off the skin, and with it the best part of the flesh, dandles with the residue of an apple after dinner, is no true apple-lover."

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Briggs—I thought the minister lived next door to the church? Griggs—He did. But the bell woke him up so early in the morning he had to move.—  
"Pick-Me-Up."

## Curious Bits of News.

One of the most curious perquisites in connection with the coronation is the right of one of the peers to claim the bed and bedding used by the heir-apparent on the night preceding the coronation. In olden times, says "Vanity Fair," this was a perquisite of considerable value, as the "bedding" usually consisted of richly-embroidered coverlets of velvet or silk, with priceless hangings of cloth of silver and gold. Nowadays it is, of course, of less value, excepting from the point of view of the quaintness of the privilege.

A railroad man who works in one of the switch-towers on the line from Philadelphia to Atlantic City, surrounded by a mosquito infested swamp, has a plan of his own for keeping them out of the tower. When the lamps are lighted and the insects swarm around the windows the switchman makes a ball out of his morning newspaper and soaks it in coal oil just enough so that it will not drip. He hangs this midway between two windows and keeps it swinging all the time. He says that no matter how thick the mosquitoes may be outside they never care to pass it.

Counterfeiters in Mexico are producing United States silver dollars which in every respect are equal to the genuine, and they are profiting greatly by their industry, the material and labor in the bogus coin being worth about half as much as that in the genuine, which has a fictitious value imparted to it by the stamp of the United States Government. It is very doubtful whether the genuineness of this lucrative business could be punished if they were caught, for, according to all accounts, the laws of Mexico do not concern themselves about such matters as the imitation of the coins of a neighboring state.

The threatened depopulation of Ireland, indicated by the decrease just reported in the latest census, is regarded as having a serious religious as well as secular bearing. The religious census gives 3,310,028 Roman Catholics, a decrease of 6.7 per cent.; 579,285 members of the Anglican Church of Ireland, a decrease of 3.5 per cent.; 443,494 Presbyterians, a decrease of 0.3 per cent.; and 61,255 Methodists, an increase of 10.4 per cent. If that tendency should continue, it is evidently only a question of time when Ireland shall become a Protestant country. The decrease among Roman Catholics is attributed almost wholly to emigration; while much of the Protestant increase is traced, by some of the Dublin papers, to the fact that the overwhelming bulk of Methodists and Presbyterians are to be found in the industrial centers, where they are not under such obligations to emigrate as are the peasant population.

A St. John, N.B., clergyman, writing in "Chambers Magazine," vouches for the Phantom Ship of Bay de Chaleur. "The story," says he, "is not an apocryphal one, as its correctness is vouched for by thousands; therefore, whatever may be the explanation, the apparition is no mere fancy. During heavy eastern gales, shortly after dark, what looks like two small square-rigged vessels of old-fashioned design are seen locked together, both on fire, and driven before the gale. Figures of men are seen struggling in the rigging, and the sea around lit up by the fire; then, when the excitement of the beholder is wrought up to fever heat, the whole thing suddenly disappears. The Acadicians say that a French merchantman, laden with provisions and ammunition for the St. Lawrence, was chased by a pirate. During the chase an easterly storm arose. The Frenchman was followed into Chaleur Bay; and, crippled by a shot from the pirate and unable to escape, the brave Frenchman fired his ship before the pirates boarded her; then, holding his foe in sight until the fire reached the powder-magazine, both ships were blown up."

"The proverbial fondness of ducks for water would lead one to presuppose that of all the wild and most destitute of ducks would be the Saharan Desert, and that if a stray 'spring tail' happened to drift into that region he would either vomit or turn up his heels with briefest delay. Well, not at all," said a Frenchman who was formerly a resident of Tunis to the New Orleans "Times-Democrat." "There are parts of the desert where ducks abound, flourish and multiply with every evidence of perfect satisfaction. The fowl is slightly different from any of the varieties we know in this country, but it has the same flat bill, extensive breast and web feet, showing that it was once a water bird, though now it scarcely finds enough to drink, and has become too provident to waste any of the precious fluid in salivation. Like the other good Muscivores of the country, they take their prescribed bath in the sand, and their web feet come in very handy as snowshoes to walk upon the deep, yielding dust. It is claimed by an eminent French ornithologist that the Saharan ducks are

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The plan is to avoid meat entirely for breakfast; use a goodly allowance of fruit, either cooked or raw. Then follow with a saucer containing about four heaping teaspoonsful of Grape-Nuts, treated with a little rich cream. Add to this about two slices of entire wheat bread, with a meagre amount of butter, and serve one cup of Postum Food Coffee.

If one prefers, the Grape-Nuts can be turned into the cup of Food Coffee, giving a delightful combination. By this selection of food the bodily energy is preserved, while the hot, carbonaceous foods have been left out. The result is a very marked difference in the temperature of the body, and to this comfortable condition is added the certainty of easy and perfect digestion, for the food is readily worked up by the digestive machinery.

Experience and experiment in food and its application to the human body has brought out these facts. They can be made use of and add materially to the comfort of the user.

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Chronic Disease Overthrown and the Whole System Revitalized and Reconstructed by Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

Disease is a tearing down, wasting away and destroying of the tissues of the body and a shrivelling up of the nerve cells and blood corpuscles. This wasting process may attack the lungs, the heart, the liver, the kidneys, the bowels, or, as is most frequently the case, result in collapse of the nervous system, prostration, paralysis or insanity.

You may rest assured that disease will search out your weak spot and gradually gain the upper hand. Nature alone cannot end this wasting process. External assistance is absolutely necessary, as you know too well if you have been observant of what is going on around you. As a result of centuries of investigation and research science now offers certain restoratives and revitalizers which have a wonderfully beneficial effect on a weakened and run-down system. These are combined in the most successful proportions in Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, which is by far the most thoroughly effective tissue builder and nerve restorative that is known to the medical profession to day.

## Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

At least nine tenths of the ailments from which people are suffering and dying to-day are the result of thin, watery blood, exhausted nerve force and general debility of the body. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food stops this wasting process, puts new life and energy into the wasted nerve cells, fills the shrivelled arteries with rich, life-sustaining blood, and overcomes disease. It will be interesting to note the gradual increase in weight while using this famous food cure.

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the remains of a race of aquatic birds which frequented those seas when the present desert was a part of the Atlantic Ocean."

Since the days of wooden nutmegs, says "Popular Science," there have been many artificial food products, and some of them are so real in appearance as to deceive even the best-informed. The list includes butter, syrups, jellies, jams, honey, essences, coffee, eggs, delicious gelatin strawberries, and now new potatoes. In California this latest industry flourishes, its proprietors getting at least two months' advance on the market in many places, and the extent of the business must be somewhat gigantic, for these made-up potatoes are to be seen in all the markets from Denver to Albuquerque, and Salt Lake to Cape Nome. Late in the season the gardener plants a crop of late and good-keeping potatoes. The time has been chosen from experience, and is opportune for a yield of small potatoes before the frosts of winter come down upon the gardener's truck patch. These potatoes are dug and buried in heaps in the open field and left until spring opens and the new-potato season arrives. At the proper time the heaps are opened and the potatoes sorted according to size. In the meantime a large kettle or vat is set in the field adjacent to the potato heaps, and made ready by filling with water and adding sufficient lye. A crane and metal basket are rigged so that the potatoes can be dipped expeditiously. The effect of dipping any potato, no matter how old, into this boiling lye solution is to crack and curl the skin, and at the same time it hardens or makes the potato much more firm, so that its resemblance to a new potato is so near that it would be hard to pick out the impostor, from appearance alone, from a basket of the genuine article.



Mary Jane—Do you keep rat poison? The Chemist—Yes, miss. What kind do you want? Mary Jane—Have you got a kind that will make the rats go and die next door?—Pick-Me-Up.

## Picnic Days.

I. Under the spreading chestnut tree The well-filled baskets stand; Containing chicken, pies, and things— And turn inside the garden hand. And 'way off in the distance there's A blaring country band.

II. Dick battles with a bumble bee, And Bob, with youthful zest, Falls from the lofty chestnut tree, Proceed to eat the lunch upon A yellow-jacket's nest!

III. The gentle rainstorm rolls around And when the day is late They homeward bend their weary ways And turn inside the garden hand. How many ants they ate, —Indianapolis "Sun."

## Making Life Easier.

ONE will deny that the whole aim of inventions is to make the daily life of mortals easier, happier and better. Laboring under this weight of wisdom an ingenious writer has lately been applying the wonders of the phonograph to the common things of daily life with interesting, if not very happy, results.

His first effort, it appears, was a collar stud, which, when dropped on the floor, would cry out, "Here I am! Here I am!" But he found that in order to accommodate the phonograph he had to make the stud so large that it could be found without difficulty before it had a chance to cry out. He said if he could only get the stud small enough to be lost easily, his idea would be a fine thing. But as he could not, he turned his attention to other matters.

The new phonographic hat had rather a vogue for a time, but it became a nuisance. To have a hat repeating all the way down the street, "I'm not yours—I belong to another chap," was more than even the owner of it could stand.

Then again his patent umbrella was almost as trying. As soon as you took one out of the stand it would begin: "Do you possess a conscience? If so, put me back. I belong to Mr. —" If you are not he'll soon wish you were someone else if he finds you with me," and so on.

His phonographic tautology was more to the point. It would stand on the sidewalk, crying, "Have a drink! Have a drink!" But it was soon noticed that visitors listened to this still small voice, and would not let it cry in vain. It was also noticed that the emptier the decenter became the louder and the more frequently the thing said "Have a drink! Have a drink!" This was a defect, and the phonograph's tautology went out of fashion.

## Dog and Snake

HAVE animals ever the power to reason? It would often seem so, as in the following account of an occurrence that was witnessed by a correspondent of the Los Angeles "Times."

"In August, 1844, I was a boy of fifteen, working with my father on the farm in Northern Illinois. One afternoon he had just climbed on a load of straw he had been pitching up to me, when I heard a rattlesnake on the ground near by. After looking about a few minutes, we discerned him in the stubble, about 20 feet away, just colling ready for defence or attack. In those early days it was considered almost a religious duty to despatch every venomous creature of that kind, so plentiful were they on the prairies. I was about to get down from the load for that purpose, when I thought of the little dog Penny. He was a slender little fellow of the proverbial 'yaller dog' species, but had a great reputation as a snake-killer. So I whistled for Penny, who came running, in cheerful response, from the house. Being directed and hissed on, he soon darted the snake, still darting out his tongue and giving forth warning with his tail. We had a fine view from the load. Penny approached cautiously, first on this side, then on that, till he had gone round the snake several times, always finding him ready for a fatal blow in any direction. Suddenly he stopped still, and turned his head to one side in serious contemplation. I think if he had had a finger he would have scratched his head just back of his right ear, in search of an idea. After a few moments' reflection his plan seemed formed. He stepped back a step or two, made a bound forward, toward the snake, and snapped at it with his teeth, coming very close to it, but

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not touching it; then bounded back as quick as a flash. The snake struck out his full length, and very fiercely, but he was not quick enough. Penny had dodged him. The snake, of course, was now straightened out, and the dog, springing so quick you could hardly see him, caught it in the middle of the body, and, giving it one quick, violent shake, dropped it on the ground, completely stunned, so that it was only a moment's work to seize it again and shake it into many pieces."

## When a Bass Gets on My Line.

When the springtime's o'er me stealing,  
And my heart is often thrilled  
With the overflow of feeling  
That the world is full of life,  
There can be no joy or privilege  
That is comparable to mine  
When I have a seven-pounder  
At the end of hook and line.

I have tasted all the pleasures  
That the world of life affords;  
I have feasted on the bounties  
That the world delights to hoard;  
But I'd leave the festive table,  
With its wealth of ruby wine,  
To feel a seven-pounder  
Cutting capers with my line.

I have been inspired by music  
By the masters in the art;  
I have listened to the eloquence  
Of intellect and heart;  
But no melody enchants me  
With its harmony divine,  
Akin to the charms of nature  
When a bass gets on my line.

There is music in the woodlands,  
When the summer fingers there;  
There are carols in the meadows,  
When the skies are blue and fair;  
But the charms of nature  
I would willingly resign,  
To hear the hum of reeling  
When a bass gets on my line.

There is nothing nearer heaven,  
When a fellow's tired quite,  
Just patiently awaiting  
For a fish to come and bite.  
To have your rod bent double  
By a bass, with mad design,  
And feel a seven-pounder  
Fiercely tugging at your line.

If I should get to heaven,  
I presume I'd want to know  
What the chances are for fishing—  
The sport I knew below—  
For, though I'd joyed in supernal,  
I would certainly repine  
For a day upon the river  
When a bass gets on my line.  
—James Robert Allen, in "Forest and Stream."

## What It Meant.

"I HAVE lately," said Winkleton to his friend Plodderly, "become very much interested in the subject of the education of children. I am a parent, as you are, and I think it is the duty of every parent to provide suitable paths of knowledge for children's minds to travel in."

Plodderly made no reply. "My boy," continued Winkleton, "is just six years old. I started him in at the kindergarten at three, wishing to give him the full advantage of all the educational blessings that this country affords, at as early an age as possible. He has now finished this three years' course, and while he looks a little peaked, he has already shown promise of a wonderful mind."

"I have no doubt of it," said Plodderly.

"I have been looking up the matter," went on Winkleton, "and I shall push him right ahead through the primary with all possible speed. The spare time he is home he is occupied with some of the latest educational games, so that he is practically not losing a moment except for his meals. When he is a little older, and has gotten through the elements, I shall begin to ground him in history, physics, Latin and Greek, higher mathematics, hydrostatics, biology, psychology, modern languages, Biblical lore, geology, statistics and dynamics, astronomy, conic sections, metaphysics, sociology, political economy and any other branch that in the meantime may have been discovered. What are you doing with your boy?"

"Nothing," said Plodderly. "He has never been to school. He just fools around. At present he is building a dog-house."

"And do you intend," said Winkleton, with a sneer, "always to keep him in such dense ignorance?"

"I hope so," replied Plodderly. "You see, I am in hopes that some day that boy may do something really worth while."—N. Y. "Life."

## The Literary Circus.

Washington Irving Smith has ceased writing any more novels. He is disgusted with what he terms the circus-ing of his profession. His efforts have always been confined to the one-day factories, but for the sake of appearances he has haunted the swaggar publishing houses on Fifth avenue. He had just finished reading "Pumpkin Adams Nausea" and "Edam Hold-em-up," two of the record-breaking books of the Squash school, and concluded that he could outdo anything they contained. He felt sure that Scribblers would accept without demur his latest manuscript, "Abner Applejack, the Hero of Wynockie, N.J."

When he called upon the reader of the great publishing house he was referred to the business office.

"What printing have you got?" he was asked.

"None," replied Smith, in surprise.

"Well, you know unless you have at least five thousand dollars' worth of paper we can do nothing with your book," explained the manager. "The title is just what we want, but you must have plenty of advertising matter, including good half-sheet and three-sheet posters. You must supply us with your own lithograph, showing

yourself in a thoughtful mood, as the great author of the domestic story of 'Abner Applejack,' etc., the true type of native American, and all that sort of thing. If you do this and engage a first-class press agent, we may be able to push you up to the hundred-thousand mark, make it a dollar-and-a-half book and the success of the year."

And Washington Irving Smith is still grinding out seaside stories for the crop of 1902, in the Jumbo foundry under the shadow of the Brooklyn Bridge.

—J. D. Byrne in "Puck."

## A Defective Test.

One of those amiable persons who gives gratuitous advice to the press concerning marriages has undertaken to tell young fellows how to judge if the disposition of a girl is just what it ought to be. Here is one of the tests: "Try to ascertain how she wakes up, however suddenly roused from her sleep," etc. What the young candidate for matrimony is not told is how he is going to employ the test with safety, not to speak of strict propriety. A young lady's sleeping-apartment is not accessible to young men as a rule, at least in well-regulated households. Consequently the old man would have to be reckoned with, and besides, the young lady herself might not like it. Perhaps next time the sage dilates on these matters he will give us something easier.

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EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - Editor

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## OUTDOOR PASTIMES

SOME of our Yankee contemporaries have been "raising a howl" about the English pole-vaulter who refused to lend Baxter his pole when the latter had broken his own. That this was very discourteous everyone will acknowledge. It certainly showed a very mean and narrow spirit, and no one felt this—and said it—more strongly than did the British press and public. But when one of the members of the Pennsylvania crew insulted his hosts at a complimentary dinner given in their honor by the Leander Rowing Club, very little ink was used up or "good white paper spoiled" by those same Yankee journalists in either censure on their compatriot or apology to his English hosts. The action of the Englishman was bad, but for pure, downright boorishness and bad breeding the Yankee could give him cards and spades and then win, and it is small wonder if (as reported) the Leanders say that they will never row against the Pennsylvanians again.

There can be no surprise expressed that the English oarsmen wish to debar foreigners from competing for the Grand Challenge Cup, and give them a different "bowl" to scramble after, when they have to put up with insults from men whom they are treating to the best they have. It rather makes one wonder what views the Yankees would have expressed if they had been treated as ordinary outsiders and had no "extras" tacked on to their reception.

The oarsmen will be busy now for the rest of the season. The National regatta at Philadelphia will come off today on the Schuylkill. The regatta of the Canadian Association of Amateur Oarsmen will take place on Lake Deschene, near Ottawa, on the 3rd and 5th of August, and the North-Western Amateur Rowing Association's regatta will be pulled off at Grand Rapids, Mich., on Reed's Lake, Friday and Saturday, August 16 and 17. Canada's representatives left last Wednesday for the Quaker City, prepared to do or—get done. The Winnipeggers have a great four, and ought to give a good account of themselves. The Argos' eight has to compete against the Vespers, the crew that won the championship at the Paris Exposition.

The "Invader" travels to Chicago by rail and will probably be shipped next Monday. The report that Mr. G. Herrick Duggan of Montreal was to handle the "Invader" in the race for the cup has been flatly denied by Commodore Gooderham, who intends that he shall handle her himself. Quite a number of Torontonians will go to Lake Michigan to watch the races, and there will be no lack of war-whoops when the Toronto boat sails across the line a winner—perhaps.

If Sir Thomas Lipton has as good an opinion of the Shamrock II, as he says he has, he ought to back her with a few pounds—not of tea—and try to make a big enough rake-off from his "American cousins" to help raise the dividends of his tea-coffee-and-cocoa-are-all-of-them-very-pleasant-drinks company. In the meantime, on this side of the "pond," the Yankees are, as usual, quite confident, and while the "dailies" explain just how it is Sir Tea can't win, Mr. Dooley and "de big comics" are making money fast by giving the whole performance the "merrie ha-ha."

An association which claims to be strictly amateur has a most peculiar idea of the fitness of things when it ridicules a team whose members all live in the town they represent, and whose name they carry. This, however, is the case in the C.L.A., for the team from Paris have been branded as curiosities because they have refused to import players from outside points and have insisted on playing men who are bona-fide residents of Paris. As a consequence of not acting a la mode, the Parisians have been obliged to travel under different soubriquets, of which "Paris Greens" and "Home Brews" are the mildest. Paris has always been a good sporting town, and in lacrosse, hockey and every other legitimate sport it has held a prominent place. This year their prominence—in lacrosse—has been gained through the agency of the Tecumsehs. They are the only team in Ontario that the Indians can beat.

Rosedale will to-day be the scene of what promises to be one of the hottest—in more senses than two—games of the year. Cornwall has one of the best teams in the "big" league, and the Torontos have the other. As a result of their flight up into the atmosphere last Saturday, the Torontos hit the ground pretty hard. It is expected that with heads at their normal sizes and a pretty fair idea of where they are at, the team will give Cornwall a stiff contest.

So the Kincardine rink proved to be the king-pin of the lot and carried off the Walker lawn bowling trophy in spite of the predictions that a Toronto club would win it. The winning rink deserve all credit for their performance, for they had an uphill fight of it all the way. The victory will do much for bowling throughout Ontario, and will encourage even more outdoor rinks to compete in the tourney for the coveted trophy.

The Western Ontario Bowling Association will hold their sixth annual tournament on the grounds of the London Bowling Club. The play starts on July 23 at 2 o'clock, and the tourney promises to be the best in the history of the association. The greens are in beautiful condition, and

the recent improvements and enlargements make the accommodation for a big contest much better than ever before.

Ottawa always gets her hatchet out when Toronto receives any attraction which the Capital could have accommodated, and last week the "Citizen" came out strong on the subject of the International cricket match, which will be held at Rosedale—and having sized Toronto up as Hogtown and several other things, and taken her measure in countless rows of letters and punctuation marks, wound up with the following bit of Ottawa College English: "Although the Ottawa cricketers have taken thirty-seven guesses, and were still working overtime guessing, they have utterly failed to arrive at the if-so-why-not reason of this fixture's being claimed by Toronto at the last moment. Why, everybody said that Ottawa would this year get the International, and to have it drift noiselessly out and anchor at Rosedale is more than an individual with the patience of a county constable could stand. However, Ottawa's going to see about it."

THE REFEREE.

### Complaint of a Golf Widower.

Concerning golf, the story is told that a man who took but little interest in his wife's exploits with the clubs, was aroused from the fog of his business by hearing her name continually coupled with a certain colonel. She was always playing with this colonel, who did not seem a very polite person, for he never allowed her to beat him. Still, the husband did not like this constant association. He began to be alarmed with the idea that the colonel's attractions might be as irresistible as his play. He plunged into the fray, and taxed his wife with the colonel. She denied indignantly, with tears. They tumbled about in a web of angry words till at last light dawned on her, and she burst out laughing. Then she explained as well as she could to her amazed spouse—that golf readers have already divined—that the colonel was "Colonel Bogey," and that playing against "the colonel" means trying to equal the record!

### Smoking-car Stories.

LIGHTNING has done much damage this summer, and it is a wonder that while barns and houses are so often wrecked or fired by the fluid, vessels on the lakes or out at sea are rarely struck. Old Captain John Simpson of Owen Sound is one of the few who have had the experience of being on a ship that the lightning played havoc with. Years ago, while sailing the "Annie Mulvey" on Lake Michigan, Captain Simpson was standing on deck in his tarpaulls during a gale, when lightning struck and shivered the foremast. The fluid glanced off and enveloped Captain Simpson in a sheet of flame. His rubber coat was riddled with bullets, and his clothes were torn to shreds. The captain fell to the deck like a dead man. At this moment the ship swung into the trough of the sea, for the man at the wheel, a Swede, had deserted his post. A great wave washed the deck from end to end. This proved a fortunate thing for Captain Simpson, as, when taken to hospital in Milwaukee, the doctors told him that only the shock of the cold water had saved his life.

FIRST time I ever went trout fishing was when I was a little shaver about ten years old," said a big man who had been listening to the yarns of the city fellows with the rods and the mosquito bites. "My big brother took me along. He was a trout fisher of experience. Flies were not used in our parts then—just fish-worms. Well, like many a novice, I had the best of luck, and what with handling the bait and the fish, climbing over charred rail-fences and smashing mosquitoes, my hands were in a pretty state when lunch time came. My brother sat down on a log and opened out the lunch, and then called me to come and have a bite. I said 'All right,' and was about to stoop down and wash my hands in the stream, but was stopped by a warning. 'Hi, there, don't you know that no real fisherman ever washes his hands to eat his lunch?' asked my brother. I had an idea my luck might be destroyed and my standing as a disciple of Ike Walton forever prejudiced if I disobeyed any of the unwritten conventions of fishing. So I got up and ate my lunch out of my fists just as they were. And, honest, the things tasted good. Afterwards my brother told me it was a joke—you may bet he had washed his hands before eating. But the idea stuck with me, and ever since, if the fish are biting good and hard, I won't wash my hands for fear of turning good luck to bad."

TALKING about being fied at the Pan-Am," said a returning visitor. "I went one day for lunch into one of the fashionable restaurants in the grounds. My order was most modest. I had a flake or two of white-fish, a leaf of lettuce, a square inch of beefsteak, a shaving of bread and butter, a cup of cafe noir, and a cigar. The waiter brought me a bill for \$2.10. I looked it over as I

sipped my coffee, and then called the fellow back. 'Waiter,' I said in the most delicately ironical tone, 'isn't there some mistake about this? Haven't you forgotten something? Better take it back, like a good fellow, and make sure.' He was as serious as a lobster, and with a profuse show of politeness, replied: 'I don't think I forgot anything, but maybe you're right, sir. I'll see if there's any mistake, sir.' He took the check away and evidently did his best to discover an error, for it was ten minutes before he brought it back. 'No, sir,' he explained, 'it's all there—nothing left off, sir.' 'Oh, very well,' and taking my hat I was about to start for the cashier's desk. 'You haven't forgotten anything, have you, sir?' said the waiter, holding out his hand ever so little and using the most insinuating tone. I felt like saying, icily, 'I don't think I've forgotten anything, sir,' but the humor of the thing got the better of me and I merely said, 'Maybe you're right, sir,' at the same time yielding to the mute appeal of those goo-goo eyes and squandering another quarter on that thirty-cent lunch."

LANCE.

### A Wondrous Development.

NOWHERE in the world is a more remarkable railway development going on than in Africa. Already there are in operation or under actual construction ten thousand miles of steel-ribbed high-ways. According to the New York "Outlook," the immediate result of all this railway building will be the complete suppression of slavery and the slave trade. "From all sides the railway is feeling its way to the heart of Africa. Livingstone's dream is being realized. The locomotive thunders past the very spot where the great apostle made his



first essay in mission planting. Soon the railway will be carried across the River Zambesi at Victoria Falls, which Livingstone discovered, and past Lake Bangweolo, where he died, and then down the long Nile valley to meet the line creeping southward from Khartum. Mr. Rhodes, whose energy lies back of all this, may be a materialist, but he is none the less an instrument in the hands of the Almighty to be used in the emancipation of downtrodden mankind."

### Is Ours a "Dead" Language?

IN one of the "Real Conversations" which Mr. William Archer, the dramatic and literary critic, is writing for the "Pall Mall Magazine," Mr. George Moore, who is a leader of "the Celtic movement," discusses the possibilities of the Erse tongue as a literary vehicle. Mr. Moore's theory—a remarkable one—is that a language is capable of expressing a certain number of ideas, and that when these have been expressed the language is exhausted. English, he thinks, is an exhausted, a dead language, and will produce no more great literature. Kipling is a mere journalist—his language is "journalistic." Part of the conversation of Mr. Archer and Mr. Moore runs as follows:

W. A.—No doubt you will tell me that language is the garment of thought, and that every language must, in course of time, get worn out, like any other garment.

Mr. Moore.—It is much more than the garment of thought. It is the very seed from which thought springs.

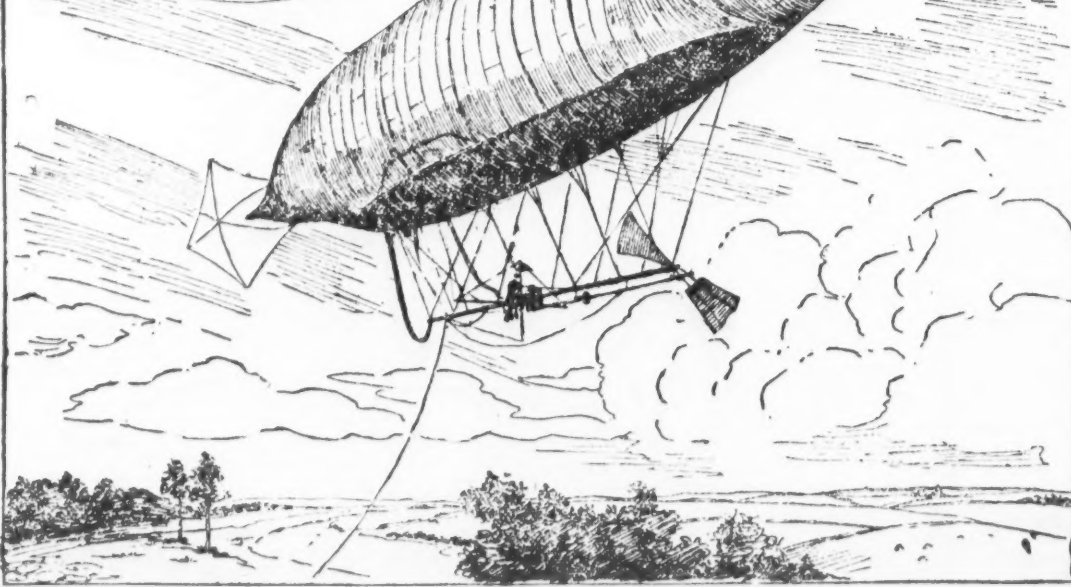
W. A.—And perishes like a seed, I suppose, in producing its harvest? Is it on this marvellous metaphor that you found your theory (to come back to that point) of the exhaustion, the decrepitude, of English?

Mr. Moore.—Not on any metaphor. On observation.

### Santos-Dumont's Derigible Balloon.

This is Senor Santos-Dumont, the Brazilian aeronaut, and the machine with which he navigated from St. Cloud to the Eiffel Tower and back a few days ago. The inventor

made a previous attempt last year. Unfortunately on that occasion the rudder (left end) was carried away. This time the air-ship was insufficiently charged with gas and the experiment was again a partial failure. Santos-Dumont does not profess to have solved aerial navigation. "The only thing I have accomplished," says he, "in the fifteen years of experimenting, during which I have wrecked four aeroplanes, is to be able with tolerable certainty, in fine weather and with a mild breeze, to start from a given point and navigate through the air in any direction, right or left, up or down. To anything more than this I have no pretensions. We are at the beginning of the problem, which, however, I am absolutely confident will some day be solved on the lines I have been patiently following."



and manifest analogies in the history of language. Look at Latin, for instance: it grew obscurely for unnumbered years; then it flowered for about two centuries in a great literature; and then it dragged on for ten centuries, the literary language of every country in Europe, yet incapable of producing anything that survives as literature. At last there came a great man who had the insight to recognize that while Latin was all very well for theology, it was useless for literature. Dante began to write the "Divina Commedia" in Latin; but he presently gave that up, and, writing in the vulgar tongue, created a new literature. There have been two literatures in Italy, because there have been two languages. In Greece, on the other hand, there has been only one literature, because the language, though it has degenerated, has not renewed itself. Modern Greek is Ancient Greek, not rejuvenated, but senile.

W. A.—Now for the application of all this to the case of English?

Mr. Moore.—Is it not obvious? After obscurely preparing itself for ages, English put forth a great flower of literature in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Then everyone wrote well, because the language was, in itself, beautiful. And—mark this!—no one troubled his head about style. The Elizabethans dreamt not of it. Style—that is to say, the necessary filtration of a language which has become corrupt—began with Milton.

W. A.—But surely some of the loveliest English that heart can desire was produced in the nineteenth century.

Mr. Moore.—Yes, men of individual genius, by taking elaborate thought and pains, have created a Silver Age. But no one in the nineteenth century could do as the translators of the Bible did—produce beautiful English by simply writing the popular speech of the time, which was beautiful in the early seventeenth century just as the architecture of the streets was beautiful. Walter Pater, whom I shall always regard as the last great writer of English, declared that his aim was to treat English as he would a dead language. And now—now that English has become a battered instrument of ten thousand journalists, from Mr. Kipling downwards, all the world over—who can hope to extract a single pure tone from it? Believe me, my dear Archer—literature will take refuge in the small languages, the virgin languages, and leave English to work out its destiny as the Volapuk of commerce and wholesale fiction.

### Glasgow's Jubilee.

GLASGOW University has been celebrating her ninth jubilee, and has bidden the whole scholastic world to her commemorative rejoicings. From Prague and Cracow, from Brussels, from Louvain, from Helsingfors and Lille, from Göttingen, Heidelberg and Utrecht, from Bologna and Rome, from Moscow and Kiev, from Japan, from India, Australia, Canada and America, delegates came to the number of nearly two hundred to congratulate the university founded by Pope Nicholas V. four hundred and fifty years ago. The proceedings began by a service held in the ancient cathedral, a building which all the iconoclasts of Covenanting Scotland did not suffice to destroy, and of which now she has the sense to be proud. One might have thought the old days of stately ecclesiastical ceremony to have returned when one saw the great church filled with long lines of men in robes of orange, scarlet, rose-red, and sable, black, ermine, purple, and green.

Fronting the throne (sitting in the place occupied by the redos in cathedrals that are not in Presbyterian hands) sat the principal of the university, Dr. Story, whose magnificent presence and distinction of stature, voice and feature make him one of the best known individuals in Britain. There was singing and extemporary prayer, and there was a sermon, of course, which was listened to with marked interest by those who understood it, and with courteous patience by those who did not. And then the congregation separated, to meet again in the afternoon in the Bute Hall of the university, where an extremely dramatic function was carried through amid great enthusiasm.

The Clerk of the Senate presented the delegates to the Vice-Chancellor, the organ pealing out the national air of the respective countries whence they hailed. Nearly every individual of the motley throng uttered a few words of congratulation in the language of their own nationality, or in French, or in the strong, terse English which foreigners are taught to speak. Professor Klement Timiriazeff, from Moscow, turning himself toward the body of the hall, made quite a little oration, complimenting Glasgow and Scotland in warm terms. Sir Henry Roscoe, in the name of the University of London, offered homage to the elder sister of his Alma Mater, hoping that in future ages, as in the past, its glories would be great. Then a telegram arrived from the King, which Dr. Story read aloud, amid thunders of applause.

### Euthanasia.

Let me not die in a room, shut out from the glory of Nature,  
Prone on a feverish couch and girt with horrible curtains!  
But when I go, may I die in the depths of shadowy woodlands,  
Far away under the leaves that whisper a threnody o'er me!  
Looking my last on the Sun, setting blood-red far o'er the mountains,  
Flushing the sea with his flame as he sinks to sleep in the distance!  
Then as the winds of the night arise from mystical slumber,  
Singing a song of the old days, bringing me rest in the twilight,  
Oh! in a dream may I pass to the shore where spirits await me,  
Carrying there from the earth a picture never to vanish!  
This is the death that I crave, to pass on the wings of the night wind,  
Far away over the stars to the land of Infinite Silence.  
—F. B. Doveton in the "Academy."

### "Living Pictures of Real Life."

London "Punch."

In days gone by, Realism on the stage was a constant theme for argument. Like the briar that flourished over the graves of Lord Lovel and Lady Nancy Bell, this Realism "grew, and it grew, and it gre-e-ew, until it couldn't gre-e-w any higher," and we had everything real, boats, ships, cabs, carriages, locomotives, fire engines, and galloping horses, until all that was wanted to complete the triumph of realism was real acting, and this was comparatively rare. Realism is in the first stage of its decadence: against the introduction on the stage of such material objects as engines, cabs and billiard tables there is a reaction; "we don't want 'em any more," as the song, once so popular, had it. But, instead, we are going to have on the stage "living pictures" of real life; and, to begin with, here at the Prince of Wales' Theater is the real presentment of a genuine dinner party given by eminently respectable people living in a semi-suburban quarter of London. It is a cleverly-contrived scene; the dinner is steadily gone through. . . . Soup, fish, entrees, joints, sweets, vegetables are all duly handed, the conversation is fitful, there are bursts of sound, there is a hum, there is a silence, and so perfect is the stage-craft that the audience, having granted the premises, follow all the dialogue that skillfully assists the plot and develops the characters, just as if it were the most natural thing in the world for any guest at a dinner-table to say what he didn't wish anyone else to hear in a tone so skillfully pitched as to reach the furthest limits of the gallery and pit.

Here is a sentence from a novel recently issued: "This cloud that tried to stand in the way of their youthful joy was only a false report whose bitter taste could not splinter the radiance of their happiness."



## An Unenthusiastic Tourist.

BEING THE IMPRESSIONS OF DON AND HIS PARTNER, RHEU, ON A TRIP TO EGYPT, PALESTINE AND ITALY.

### VII.—Side Trips from Cairo.

**P**ALACES! The word sounds large, and of the buildings to which it is applied much is expected. I have haunted palaces on my not infrequent wanderings much more than churches, with an idea of obtaining from the households of those who are esteemed great some idea of the tastes and impulses of the occupants. The result has not been satisfactory, for one is apt to be confronted with the peculiar methods and sometimes outrageous taste of the upholsterer rather than the gentle refinement which in a similar room would be exhibited by the mistress of the house. I was long ago robbed of my notion that palaces and castles were architecturally much different from the ordinary dwelling or barracks. Almost without exception through Europe, Africa and Asia, civilization has brought with it a utilitarian idea vastly different from the old feudal notion of round towers, halls, keeps, moats, and draw-bridges, and all that sort of thing. One's youthful impression of a palace is associated with gold castellated towers, terraces, and much exterior ornament. The palaces of Cairo, like those of Great Britain, France, Germany, Italy, and Egypt, rob one of this notion. Almost invariably they are plain structures, many of them situated on the street line and devoid of ornament. Some palaces, Windsor for instance, are also castles and have a touch of the ancient type of architecture, but in Egypt I saw none of this. The palace occupied by Lord Cromer, who has made Egypt really an English-speaking and prosperous country, is not at all of the feudal sort; neither is the home of the Khedive; and one is left in the latter instance to wonder which part is the harem and which contains the apartments of state, unless one has the privilege of going through it. One palace has been turned into a hotel and is accessible to the tourist. It contains many rooms in which much magnificence is displayed in the way of costly rugs, upholstery, and costly finishing. It is situated in magnificent grounds on the thither side of the shadowy and mystic Nile. To describe it in detail would be to lose the charm of the moonlit picture which is in my mind, for one cannot give a description of the expensive articles of furniture, the luxuriousness of the fittings, and the impressive Orientalism of the curtains, without approaching the style of an auction advertisement. It was built for a special purpose, as many palaces in Egypt were erected for the entertainment of some visiting potentate. These are as far removed from the general furnishing of an Egyptian house as a triumphal arch is different from the ordinary roadway.

A visit to the pyramids at Gizeh intensifies many of the vague impressions one has had of this wondrous sleepy country with its vast deserts and encircling mountains and rich valleys, which are retained by every reader of books referring to the land of the Pharaohs. Nowadays one goes out to the great pyramids in a tram car instead of on donkeys and dromedaries, as of old. Passing over the bridge across the Nile, where lions at each principal abutment suggest the practical ownership of the country by Great Britain, one finds a seat in a trolley car not unlike those that we use at home. The palms, the heat, and the fellahs, together with one's travelling companions, however, accentuate the fact that one is in a tropical country. The fellahs, who are the country peasantry of Egypt, under the old regime, when the word of the Khedive was a finality, was a miserable, ragged and much oppressed wretch. Now that Lord Cromer is practically the Governor-General of the territory, he no longer fears the bastinado and a sweltering term in prison because of his inability to pay taxes arbitrarily imposed. He has every opportunity to be prosperous, and has really much more prosperity than he appreciates. But passing along the Nile the stranger in a comfortable trolley car sees the native raising water from the agricultural canals by means of an old-fashioned concern associated in the memory of the Westerner with the contrivance of which the old oaken bucket was the hydraulic end. The swinging beam balanced over the upright post and the old bucket is there, as it probably has been for thousands of years. By means of this bucket they lift water enough to pour into the ditches which irrigate a few square yards of ground. The camels one meets laden with grass or other products of these little garden farms move slowly, and their drivers trot beside them with sandaled feet, cotton drawers, and a slight covering for their upper part, suggestive of a very small revenue from a huge amount of work. Day after day as one goes over the ground occupied by these toilers the pathos of so much work and so little pay becomes more oppressive. All day they swing the bucket, the women and chil-



FELLAH WOMAN AND CHILD.

dren toil in the little field. Before dawn they start to the market, which will yield them for the entire output which a camel carries, less than a day's wages of the meanest laborer on Toronto's streets. Out of this they have to pay for the water and for the rent of the land, and yet some of them are now able to accumulate money which will make them absolutely secure from want, as want is interpreted in this country where little clothing is required and the climate forces no protection from cold.

Whenever I think of the virtues of patience and perseverance, docility and kindness, these patient people and their tall, ungainly camels with uncouth loads will always recur.

The route to the pyramids, if I remember rightly, some eight or ten miles distant from Cairo, is through a rich agricultural country, the mountains on one side separating it from the deserts of the Holy Land, and on the other from the Desert of Sahara. The palm is the chief ornament of a landscape otherwise barren of anything but toilers and garden sass. This tree, with its long, straight bole and ostrich-like plumage, is a distinctly Oriental and beautiful thing.

The arrival at the tramway station and the emptying of the train of sightseers is anything but Oriental. Indeed, it

is so commonplace that the visitor takes with him to the pyramids a receptivity, as the parson would call it, which yields to the idea that these great stone memorial works of dead monarchs look like little more than vast piles of sun-burnt brick. Their coverings, which once made them look like huge bronze edifices, have been taken from them to clothe the mosques of Cairo, and their lack of color is as distinct as the output of an ordinary Canadian brickyard. The great sandhills upon which they are situated, around which, as far as the eye can reach, looking away from the Nile, there is a desolation of sterility which cannot be described, are so vast that the pyramids themselves lose much by comparison.

There are a hotel, a bazaar, and something very much like an American saloon between the station and the pyramids. The hotel is well equipped, has modern appliances, and is of dimensions which should make the proprietors of sanitariums in this country feel cheap. The elevated situation, the hot, dry desert air, and the absolute freedom from excitement of any kind, make it a very attractive place for invalids suffering from pulmonary, nervous or rheumatic diseases. Tourists, too, who are anxious to leisurely examine the pyramids, sometimes make it their home for weeks, and as the output of enterprising capitalists anxious to make money out of climate, surroundings and the ills of the human race, it is interesting.

Having thus introduced the reader to the surroundings of Egypt and the Orient, I shall hereafter try to deal with specific things to a greater extent than heretofore.

DON.

(To be continued.)

### My Flower Garden.

**W**ILL someone tell me the charm of the lily, this dainty maiden among the flowers? There is such a masculine appearance to the hollyhock and sunflower that I feel they must be brought out only now and then. The rose is the Lady Beautiful of my garden, to whom everyone pays court with gracious deference and winsome smiles, forgetting that her motto is "every rose has its thorn." I remember the surprise I felt that the bed of that young boy, Marigold, was such an object of interest to so many till I perceived close by the gentle Heart's-ease with its sweet motto, "Thou deservest it." I must confess to a monumental regard for all the denizens of my garden and to a special love for the pansy (pensee), "Think of me." There is something about it that develops and keeps alive one's loyalty. The violet, too, enlists my regard, albeit very regal and imperious with its "Thou must seek me." The snowdrop and the timid lily of the valley I clasp to my heart, and the laurel branch, the same in winter and summer, I regard as a true friend. And how many friends can one see when his or her mask is off?

But to pry into this is as dangerous as to open the fatal box of Pandora, or as senseless as the pastime of two asses kicking each other. In my better and higher moments I seek not things beneath me, but, like the sunflower, look to the sun. And yet, after all, the sunflower is like a husband—one is sufficient. But the looking for that sunflower is to many like the finding of the American alone—a day of bliss, an age of expectation.

And so I roam my garden in the soft languor of the summer days. When my friends come I find in some of the indescribable charm of many flowers, here a hollyhock, a rose, and there a tulip or a little heart's-ease. The essence and flavor of the gentleman or lady is with them or absent. Who can tell where the charm is? It is not the ease and freedom of their manners. It is the subtle harmony of good breeding that cannot be analyzed, the essence that cannot be defined and can only be felt. Their presence is a blessing. The benison received from them is like the gentle dew from heaven. The Lady Beautiful is the lovely presence whose face no artist can paint, no pen describe. Her conversation is like the scent of mignonette in the evening. We recognize the inflection of the voice, the unobtrusive deference, the marvellous sweetness and poise of perfect politeness. It is as indescribable as the fragrance of my garden. The hearty laugh comes at the right moment and passes perhaps in an instant to a solicitous regard for matters of more serious contemplation. The happy welcome you gave is returned and would seem to lead to a friendship that can only end with forgetfulness. Such a woman is divine. Such a man is rich—a multi-millionaire, because he is whole in himself, a common good, and "as the greatest only are in his simplicity sublime."

There is no occasion for the rich man I have described to apologize for existence. He carries his credentials with him. He is frank, truthful, faithful, fearless, and as gentle as he is brave. He does not masquerade in smiles to-day and display an ill-nature that wounds your susceptibilities to-morrow. No idiosyncrasy permits him to neglect what are often regarded as the insignificant amenities of life, for a kindly thoughtfulness seems to attend on even his merriment. There is a richness in his goodness, a depth in his soul, you had not dreamed of. He is always making you happy by the courtesy of little kindnesses to yourself, your wife, your children, or your guests. The mystery of his goodness comes at the exact time, as if it were the course of nature. The stranger within your gates feels his pervading personality. He supplies the deficiencies that the social driftwood on the sea of life cannot supply. It is easy to see that he walks on a higher plane and is guided by a principle—that scorn and envy are no part of him. If you seek his advice you receive the Balm of Gilead for your wounds, and when he dies he passes to the Immortals. There is the breath of mignonette in the room when such a man or woman is with us—the marvellous fragrance and subtle charm of my garden.

AMICUS.

It appears that Sir Walter Besant left behind him an autobiography which was finished before the close of 'last year, and is now in the hands of his executors.



Drawn by A. B. Frost.

TROUT FISHING IN THE NORTH WOODS.

### A Frenchman on the House of Commons.

**A** FRENCHMAN has been studying the British House of Commons, and has given in the "Matin" (Paris) his conclusions over the initials P.M.G. The gist of these is given below:

"Have you ever sat in the House of Commons and listened? No? Then you have missed the best of English comedies. I will describe.

"In front of me sits a gentleman in a long wig; in front of him two lesser gentlemen in lesser wigs. The great gentleman is called the Speaker. I don't know why. Perhaps because he never opens his mouth. The other gentlemen are his clerks; they suck pens continually.

"On the right hand of the Speaker sit many plump, red-faced, well-dressed Englishmen. These are Conservatives. On the left hand of the Speaker sit fewer, pale-faced, long-haired, tragic-looking Englishmen. These are Liberals.

"Let me describe their talk. One of the Liberals—he is a Welshman—gets on his feet. He is very white, very tragic. His hair is brushed as carefully as that on a lady's poodle, and with the same Sunday-school finish. He is young, and his hair announces that he is well pleased with the state of his soul. You feel that he would be really surprised if he did not go to heaven. What does he say? Listen. The British army is composed of the scum of the earth. The officers are savage barbarians. The war is a disgrace to England, and she will be punished for it—some day. His voice vibrates like one of the London Twopenny Tubes. His eyes flash, his arms saw the air. All around him the Liberals sit, white, silent, tragic-looking.

"But what is it we hear? My friends, we hear laughter, loud, red-faced laughter. It comes from the Conservatives. Look at their crowded benches. Are they not one broad grin, one big red face? The more the good young Welshman proves the cruelty of the British officer, the more do these Conservatives laugh, the broader do they grin. They are hard-hearts, these Conservatives.

"Another Liberal is soon what they call 'up.' He comes from Ireland. Black is his hair; black eyebrows, like the stroke of a quill pen, press upon his eyelids. He has the white, tragic face, the flashing eyes; he has also the black beard. His clothes hang loosely on his frame; a lock of black hair slashes his white brow. He has a really beautiful brogue, and he has pulled out the tremolo stop.

"We listen to him. The English soldiers are villains; the officers are blackguards. The English burn the farms of the good Boers. The English ill-treat the nice Boer women. The English cause the tears to fall from the eyes of the sweet little Boer children. Brutal English! Long-suffering Boers! One can see the flames leaping from the farm roof, and hear the wail of the women, also the yell of the nice little children. Blood swims before the eyes. Oh, it is terrible!

"Again there is laughter. Again the crowded benches are full of jovial, red-faced laughter. It is the deep chuckle of those Conservatives again.

"Let me generalize. The Conservative is one who attacks the Liberal for misgoverning the country. The Liberal is one who attacks the country for misgoverning the world. And between the two the business of the empire goes on.

"I enjoy the House of Commons. It is real nice to hear these English blackening their own characters. Does it not save us trouble? They seem, all of them who are in earnest, to desire, more than they desire riches, that their country should be proved wicked and wrong. They have newspapers which are trying every day to prove this; and Englishmen buy them, read their own damnation there, pay their pennies to see themselves called savages, cut-throats, blackguards. There are thousands of these English toiling day and night to prove that their Sir Alfred Milner is the Old Gentleman himself. This is perhaps why they call their country 'Merrie England.' Does it not make you laugh?

"In England no one defends the empire. It is, perhaps, too big to be defended. And, indeed, when one sees these Conservatives laughing in the House of Commons, he begins to understand. After all, my friends, perhaps they are right. When one is attacked, is it not the best thing to laugh?

"Ah, these English! But they are not so stupid after all."

"How did he commit suicide?" inquired the eager reporter of the "Yellow Enterprise." "He went into the bull-pasture," growled the life insurance agent, "with one of your art supplements sticking out of his pocket."—Brooklyn "Life."



"He says he's saving those seats for friends." "He is! I shouldn't think such a hog would have any friends."—"Puck."

## CONFESSIONS OF AN INVALID.

**T**O-DAY our next neighbor, Mrs. Carew, came to see me, a treat I owe to my helplessness. Mrs. Carew used to hold stateside visits with mum, and talk over old times and the county people, and the drainage in the village; now she says, "I have come to spend an hour with Helen," and she is my greatest pleasure after David and my little lover. There are reasons why Mrs. Carew notices me more since that disastrous hunt when Mollie and I rolled into the sunken ditch, principally, I think, because she had persuaded me to hunt, and had taken my place at the morning mothers' meeting. A vicar's daughter who shunts the mothers for the sake of a hunt sometimes gets quite an over-adequate punishment, don't you think?

Mrs. Carew has decided to let her beautiful home, with the park and everything, and go into Scotland to her mother for a long visit. It is a catastrophe which I cannot face calmly. I have weakly wept over it, but only when I was alone. Mrs. Carew, so exquisite a gentlewoman that to know her would refine a tinker, with her clear, sweet, high voice, her queenly golden head, and her dainty, slim, graceful form, is to come no more to my invalid chair with a flower, a book, a funny tale, or a toothsome little treat for my nourishment. She is so wise in all things, so sympathetic and strong, and altogether lovely, that to have her for whole hours by one's side makes it positively worth while—well, not quite, of course—to have legs and feet that won't go. She has been a widow since she was twenty. Mr. Carew was killed in a hunt. Possibly that is another reason she is so wonderfully kind to me. At forty she looks like a young girl, keeping her figure so graceful and slight and her rose-leaf complexion and sunny curly hair! Her mother will not leave Scotland, so Mrs. Carew is letting The Hill and going to spend years away from us.

I am only faintly aware that the tenants are Americans, for I don't suppose I shall ever meet them. Mrs. Carew has asked David's stepmother and David to call upon them and they have promised; so have the Marchmonts and the Leleams, as Mrs. Carew was very anxious to let her place well, and the Americans were willing to pay a huge rent, but would only take The Hill on condition they were recognized by some of the county people. If David calls of course the others will. You know he generally has to lead them; partly because he is so rich and does so much for the county, and more, of course, on account of his position. Since old Lord Stourton died David is the head of the family; his stepmother very seldom goes anywhere. Mrs. Carew says there are a mother, two daughters, and a bachelor uncle who has simply mints of money, made in some peculiar way in some outlandish place. I forget quite how or where. It won't be so bad for me as for the others to have them at The Hill, and they may be good to the poor. Dearest Mrs. Carew had so little, after keeping up The Hill properly!

David came in just before Mrs. Carew left. She is very fond of David, and he of her. "I hope you will not hold it up against me, this invasion of your county," she said. And David laughed. "Bless you, no," he said. "We may have no end of fun out of 'em." When Mrs. Carew went away, though, he said a few things, and half hinted that he would go to Norway very soon, and then to South Africa. "Just to look about me, Helen." I could see that he half regretted having promised to be nice to the new people, because, he said, "You see, it lets the whole neighborhood into a hole, perhaps!" Then I cheered him up by telling him about some very nice American girls I had met at school, who did not seem to mind being so much richer than the rest of us, and he told me he had actually seen the new girls and their mother driving to The Hill the day they came to look at the house, and that they wore gorgeous frocks, and ever so many trills on their parasols, and that their mamma sat on the left in the carriage. I think the mum would far rather walk than sit on the wrong side of a carriage! Perhaps the rule of precedence is different in America, though, as I've heard the rule of the road in driving is directly opposite to ours.

I am thinking that it's a good thing to have begun these confessions just when Mrs. Carew is going away. They will help me to bear the lack of her beautiful presence, although there isn't much I can write about except the new people. Even the curate now here isn't interesting, as some of our curates have been. The celibates particularly, who put on extra stern airs when I question them about their ascetic notions, at which father laughs when they are not by. Celibates indeed! What would he ever have done without the mum or even without me? The only really interesting creature about is Herr Empfinger, the German musician who plays the organ in church and teaches the children of the townspeople music. He is the father of my little lover, and there are just the two and the old German nurse. Herr Empfinger never tells anyone but me about his affairs, the sorrow, the bitterness, as he calls it, of his wife's death, but that is because little Ernst is so devoted to me. Germans are very sensitive to kindness, and Herr Empfinger, with his melancholy face and dark eyes, provokes kindness. Everyone is good to him and to Ernst, and father says the music has never been so good in years as now. I can hear the chorals plainly as I lie in my chair here on summer Sundays. The choir sing them so well since Herr Empfinger taught them. I can hear David's voice apart from all the rest. It is a mellow, deep baritone, and naturally, after a training abroad, is better than the others. Perhaps the Americans will be church people; perhaps the girls will sing in the choir. I can always tell the voice of a new singer. It will be interesting to listen to them if they should happen to sing in church. That will be probably my only chance of hearing them.

As I lie here I can hear Herr Empfinger playing a soft voluntary in the old church, to which father and the mum go through the arbor and the little gate at the end of the garden. There is a subtle perfume of wild thyme in the air and a melody of bird's voices busy singing their bird gossip, which can never be tinged maliciously. Surely, if one must be helplessly invalided, England in the country in the early summer is the sweetest place in which to reside. There one gets so much just lying still in a bough meadow, picked from his study wall. How often I've had him lift me up to choose the very best from that great vine, years and years ago! And there is a delightful basket of strawberries Mrs. Carew brought from her own beds at The Hill. I am quite glad to be ahead of the Americans with them.

(To be continued.)

A cautious old Scotsman, eighty-five years old, had saved enough to purchase a piece of freehold land upon which he had had his eye for some time. He repaired to the freeholder and opened negotiations for the purchase. The freeholder, however, informed him that for some reason or other he could not part with the freehold, but said he would give him a lease for 999 years. This, he was informed, was practically the same thing. "Na, na," said the aged one, shaking his grey head, "time soon rins awa'!"

Lord Dufferin, who completed his seventy-fifth year recently, referred to himself as the "maid of all work to the British Government."



## TRANSPORTATION—RAIL AND WATER.

## NORTH GERMAN LLOYD

New York, Cherbourg, Southampton, Bremen  
 Kaiser Wm. der Grosse, Tues., June 25, 10 a.m.  
 Kaiser Wm. der Grosse, Tues., July 9, 10 a.m.  
 Kaiser Wm. der Grosse, Tues., July 23, 10 a.m.  
 Kaiser Wm. der Grosse, Tues., Aug. 6, 10 a.m.  
 Kaiser Wm. der Grosse, Tues., Aug. 20, 10 a.m.  
 Kaiser Wm. der Grosse, Tues., Sept. 3, 10 a.m.  
 New York, Bremen  
 Kaiser Wm. der Grosse, Thurs., July 25, noon  
 Kaiser Wm. der Grosse, Thurs., Aug. 1, 10 a.m.  
 Kaiser Wm. der Grosse, Thurs., Aug. 15, 10 a.m.  
 Kaiser Wm. der Grosse, Thurs., Aug. 29, 10 a.m.  
 Kaiser Wm. der Grosse, Thurs., Sept. 12, 10 a.m.

## MEDITERRANEAN

GIBRALTAR, NAPLES, GENOA  
 Kaiser Wm. der Grosse, Sat., June 22, 11 a.m.  
 Kaiser Wm. der Grosse, Sat., July 6, 11 a.m.  
 Kaiser Wm. der Grosse, Sat., July 20, 11 a.m.  
 Kaiser Wm. der Grosse, Sat., Aug. 3, 11 a.m.  
 Kaiser Wm. der Grosse, Sat., Aug. 17, 11 a.m.

## BARLOW CUMBERLAND

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## AMERICAN LINE

New York—Southampton—London  
 Sailing Wednesdays at 10 a.m.  
 St. Paul, Aug. 7, 10 a.m.  
 St. Paul, Aug. 21, 10 a.m.  
 St. Paul, Sept. 4, 10 a.m.

## RED STAR LINE

New York—Antwerp—Paris  
 Sailing Wednesdays at noon  
 Friesland, July 17, 10 a.m.  
 Friesland, July 31, 10 a.m.  
 Friesland, Aug. 14, 10 a.m.  
 Friesland, Aug. 28, 10 a.m.

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## Be Sure You are Right—Then Go Ahead.

Doubtless the above is followed out by every one when it is possible, but "How are we to know?" Take a tip about the line to select when going to New York. The New York Central is best—take it and you are sure to be right. Niagara River Line steamers connect at Lewiston. All agents sell their tickets.

## Anecdotal.

A Western clergyman, noticing that the choir seats were unoccupied when the time for beginning the service had arrived, arose and innocently remarked, "I see that all the choir are absent this morning; let the congregation rise and sing 'Praise God, from whom all blessings flow.'"

Not many years ago a minister in one of the Eastern States fell, as will sometimes happen, into a difficulty with his choir, which, for some time, prevented their accustomed attendance. At length the choir relented, and appeared, as heretofore, at the usual time of service. The minister most unexpectedly saw them in their places, and in due time, looking very significantly in their direction, arose and read the hymn:

And are ye wretches still alive,  
 And do ye yet rebel?

This story from the London "Chronicle" scores a point very neatly for the ritualists. In essence and professional lights having been used in the patronal festivities at St. Alban's, Holborn, a parishioner asked the rector whether the reintroduction of these forbidden ceremonial luxuries was quite in accordance with existing circumstances. Father Stanton is fabled to have replied: "There are only two classes of persons who are emphatically termed 'wise' in the New Testament—namely, the 'Wise Men,' who offered incense, and the 'Wise Virgins,' who carried processional lights."

A clergyman in Pittsburgh, Pa., married a lady with whom he received a dowry of \$10,000 and a fair prospect of more. Shortly afterward, while occupying his pulpit, he gave out the hymn, read the first four verses, and was proceeding to read the fifth, commencing, "Forever let my grateful heart," when he hesitated, a-hemmed, and exclaimed, "We will omit the fifth verse," and sat down. The congregation, attracted by his apparent confusion, read the verse for themselves, and smiled almost audibly as they read:

Forever let my grateful heart  
 Its boundless grace adore;  
 Who gives ten thousand blessings now,  
 And bids me hope for more.

Baron Douce was trying a boy-crozier in Ireland. The accused could understand only Irish, and an interpreter was accordingly sworn. The prisoner said something to the interpreter, and the latter replied, "What does he say?" "He says that he is a crozier," said the prisoner, beginning to tremble, "it had nothing to do with the case." "If you don't

answer I'll commit you, sir. Now, what did he say?" "Well, my lord, you'll excuse me, but he said, 'Who's that old woman with the red bed-curtain round her sitting up there?' At which the court roared. "And what did you say?" asked the baron, looking a little uncomfortable. "I said, 'Whist, ye spalpeen, that's the old boy that's going to hang ye.'"

William E. Chandler, United States Senator, is remarkable for method and promptitude. The word "procrastination" is not in his lexicon. This lesson he had drilled into him early by his mother, a New England woman of sturdy conscience and character. Once when he came home on a holiday from an academy, six miles distant, she discovered that he had left his umbrella at school. "William," said she, "you need not take off your hat. Go right back and fetch that umbrella." "But, mother," pleaded the lad, "that's six miles, and the teams are all moving this way now, so I shan't get a lift." Then walk," was all the comfort he got. He trudged off, and made a philosophical application of this and other experiences in the same line to the business which filled his life at a later stage.

During the earlier days of the reign of Queen Victoria dramatic performances were given at Windsor Castle under the management of Charles Kean. The audiences being limited and stiffly aristocratic, the applause was naturally not especially hearty, and the comedians felt the absence of the more demonstrative approval manifested in the regular theater. One evening the Queen sent an enquiry to Mr. Kean to know if the actors would like anything (meaning refreshments) when the actor replied: "Say to Her Majesty that we should be grateful for a little applause when the spectators are pleased." Back went the enquiry and conveyed the message. At the end of the act there was a slight suggestion of hand-clapping and exceedingly gentle foot-tapping. James Wallack, who knew nothing of the message sent to the Queen, hearing the mild demonstration, picked up his cane and enquired, "What is that?" Mr. Kean replied: "That, my dear Wallack, is applause." "God bless me!" retorted Wallack; "I thought it was someone shelling peas."

## Children's Ideas.

A Summer Girl and a Little Trip.

Horses' Hats and Island Mothers' Woes.

WHO shall follow the mind of a child? The other day a small girl of my acquaintance was with her mother, passing a traveling orchestra, including a harpist, which was playing before a mansion in hopes of "prize-money," or some kindred bribe to go away. "Do stop, I must watch him," pleaded the little one, fixing her eyes on the harpist. Mother amiably waited a moment while her wee girl "rubbered" diligently, apparently eagerly desirous of finding out how the gentle thrumming was produced. When at last mother's patience gave out and she bade the small girl on her market way, that one exhaled her tarrying thus: "You see, mother dear, I just thought that if I died suddenly and went to heaven, I knew nothing at all about harp-playing," which, of course, was conclusive.

Another nervous little girl remarked fretfully as she learned her verses of a rather lively hymn, "Dear me, mamma, I can't see why you want to go to heaven. Such a noisy, crowded place." And yet another took exception to the abode of the blessed, remarking, "It says some sort of babies continually do cry there. I should think they'd stop sometimes!"

"A Summer Girl" sends the following: "Where are all the middle-aged men—the men who would die if we caught them in their shirt-sleeves, the men who wear neat shoes and ties and stiff shirts, and who couldn't lie in a hammock without apoplexy? I am a summer girl of twenty-two, and my soul is sick of these boys, who infect our summer resorts, and wear dirty duck or flannel trousers and shirts open at the neck, and any old boots or slippers. I actually saw four of these fellows on a hotel piazza without socks on! And the girls laughed at them. Where are the neat, trim, respectable-looking men I used to know in my short-skirted days? It's not any hotter this year than it used to be ten or fifteen years ago, and I declare it's time someone put a stopper on dirty negligence, don't you think so, Lady Gay?" Ah, my summer girl, this is the age of negligence. Where are the stately quadrilles of honor? Where is the respect for birth and breeding? Where is the deference to the old folks, and the consideration for the feeble and infirm? Don't go for the present generation in its crumpled and unsavory negligee, but step back to your trim middle-

aged friends who did not pass along some of their own training, and give place to the new middle-aged folks, and suffer with them in a struggle to look as if we were cool and comfortable when we are simply martyred.

The other day, as I journeyed west on the train, an old Irish fiddler came in, a huge old man, far over six feet high, with a quaint Irish face and a real North Country lip. He had his spare underwear done neatly up in a square of canvas tied with an end of rope, from which dangled a long string of pennies or dimes were awaiting him. The parson interviewed the stray old being and found him uncommunicative. I sat watching his strong, grizzled old face, and wondering at the strength and age of it, when a gleam of interest, a twitching of the lips and a twinkling of the eyes awoke in it. A lady passenger in a nearby seat, having lunched agreeably, was finishing the contents of a bottle by the simple procedure of tilting it up in the air and drinking therefrom. The old fiddler licked his grizzled lips and watched her with sympathetic eyes—just for a moment—then, with the grimace of enforced abstinence, he drew his strong old Irish face into the stillness of granite and felt in his pocket for the handful of dimes and pence we had given him. And if I had been a member of any blue-ribbon society I should have felt distinctly back-slidden!

How many strings bind us together that we don't know about! On the return journey two bright women in an opposite seat were continually peering from the window and getting in my way, for I was peering, too, as we got near London, for a little glimpse of the college on the hill where long ago I and many of you other "old girls" were educated. Suddenly it flashed into view, sitting so beautifully amid the fringes of trees that border the foot of the hill. The two bright young women cried out, "There it is!" and we all looked until it was lost to view. Then they wrote at each other, "You're a college girl," we all said, and had the greatest chat for hours over the old days—the happiest days, as one of them called them. It was not I. And when we reached Toronto I was quite glad, in spite of the heat and the dust and the bundles one always brings from the old home, to take them to their hotel and tell them what we saw next day. One of those loose strings that weave our lives together, unawares had suddenly been pulled taut, that was all!

A funny paragraph is going the rounds about horses' hats which isn't to be passed by unheeding. The other day I was in a town where most of the horses wear hats, and it had really the funniest effect you ever saw. There was a merry rivalry among some of the business men as to the smartness and becomingness of their horses' headgear, and I believe some of the horses were quite alive to it, too. You know what wise creatures they are; well, they looked forty times wiser in straw hats and bonnets, and so ridiculously like some humans I've seen. You've heard it said that some man woman had a face like a horse; if you'd met any of those horses in their summer headgear the likeness would have made you laugh! And they have a feature at once piquant and distinctive which we lack. Their ears have such a chance, for the hats are "built" with special eyes for the horses' ears, and they poke out in such a perky way. The horses actually like their hats, and look so demure in them. I believe a wet sponge as an interior corner decoration meets with much approval!

"An Island Mother" wrote a week ago, "Could not some limit be put upon the hour of staying abroad these nights? I found up my flock at eleven o'clock, but get many a black look from my girls and boys, and am told I am voted 'hateful' by my children's companions, whose parents go to bed when it suits them and never know whether their girls and boys are boating, hammock-swinging or sitting on the beach or in some secluded nook until twelve, one or two o'clock. What should you do in my case?" It's a long while now since Lady Gay spent the hours she should have been sleeping in boating, swinging in hammocks or roosting somewhere with somebody, but she remembers how much she enjoyed it, and that no harm came to her or the "rooster" who was along. However, he wasn't a rooster who just flew in from anywhere for a summer vacation, as sometimes happens, and she generally knew all about him. An Island Mother can survive being voted "hateful" if she isn't quite a fool, and the time will come when her chicks will appreciate her care. In the meantime, if they see this paragraph, I hope it won't incite them to rebel against so good a mother.

LADY GAY.

Extract From Syracuse Sam's Letter to His Mother.

"Judge."

"I always try to meet my social requirements. Last evening I accompanied a party of gentlemen to an old-fashioned house-warming."

THE NEW SALOON

COOL SUMMER DRINKS

Correspondence Coupon.

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupons are not studied.

Micawber—This is a somewhat ingratiating and pleasant character. Writer possesses of method, good ability and considerable tenacity of purpose, bright and perceptive mind, rather warm affection and a tendency to respond to emotional influence. Might be a very ugly person to impose upon, but is generally peaceable and good-natured, and takes pleasure in doing good. He is possibly an ardent champion and a loyal friend. Some ambition, cleverness and power to dominate, literary taste, and rather frank and candid nature, regard for appearances and decided consideration for the feelings of others. Somewhat enterprising, not particularly enterprising, not venturesome, and though or grizzled old face, and wondering at the strength and age of it, when a gleam of interest, a twitching of the lips and a twinkling of the eyes awoke in it. A lady passenger in a nearby seat, having lunched agreeably, was finishing the contents of a bottle by the simple procedure of tilting it up in the air and drinking therefrom. The old fiddler licked his grizzled lips and watched her with sympathetic eyes—just for a moment—then, with the grimace of enforced abstinence, he drew his strong old Irish face into the stillness of granite and felt in his pocket for the handful of dimes and pence we had given him. And if I had been a member of any blue-ribbon society I should have felt distinctly back-slidden!

Marie—Yes, I saw and enjoyed him, but not so much as if there had been less posing and more acting. Your writing is in the second stage of development, it suggests more than it states—you are bright, imaginative, decided and over-frank sometimes, but with discretion in action, a good deal of idealism, not much tact nor capability of expressing sympathy, though you have a kind heart and a good but somewhat unsteady temper. You only need time and thought to make you a very fine woman.

Undine—Is it correct for a girl to travel and stay at hotels in strange places alone? Certainly it is, but, after all, it depends on the girl. It is not safe for some girls to be alone anywhere, because they have neither sense nor dignity. If a girl has both, she may go to the world's end alone and meet no harm. Have a girl friend who puts on her traveling suit and her traveling manner together. She calls a plain gold ring her traveling suit, and though half over the world she has never found a chaperone needed to save her from annoyance or distress. Second question cannot be answered offhand. Unless a girl be definitely engaged the man hasn't the least right to object to her receiving attentions from other men, but if the man who is always gazing at her has "an understanding" is of a jealous or morbid temper, he will probably object to her doing so. Don't marry a jealous man, my dear. It's an uncomfortable species of madness, as you'll find out. Your writing is pleasing and full of good sense, and good judgment, sympathetic and even in judgment. It isn't an inspiring hand, but it is a good one, and shows a good deal of beauty, and some taste, but lacks culture and experience. You might make a very good nurse, but I doubt if you'd find the profession very profitable.

The Saxons—No, I've been all around your small town, but never in it. I hear it's a lovely locality just about now, with rich fruit farms and all sorts of sweet smells and sights and sounds. It is decidedly magnetic and full of energy and enterprise. It looks most attractive to me, showing great ability and grasp of affairs, pride and independence, continuity of thought and purpose, some generosity and decided domination, with tenacity and cumulative force—note how most of your lines grow heavily firm at the finish, no dwindling of purpose or energy. Unless a girl be definitely engaged the man hasn't the least right to object to her receiving attentions from other men, but if the man who is always gazing at her has "an understanding" is of a jealous or morbid temper, he will probably object to her doing so. Don't marry a jealous man, my dear. It's an uncomfortable species of madness, as you'll find out. Your writing is pleasing and full of good sense, and good judgment, sympathetic and even in judgment. It isn't an inspiring hand, but it is a good one, and shows a good deal of beauty, and some taste, but lacks culture and experience. You might make a very good nurse, but I doubt if you'd find the profession very profitable.

Patience—"Let patience have her perfect work," my woman. You say you are waiting and hoping, and meantime bedewing your path by the sweat of your brow. I don't condone mine to my brow this weather, and other conditions are the same as yours. But what energy you have! You are a Kean, and you are a Kean. Your hand is distinctly combative, and your power excellent. If I could cross my 't' like that, it would be afraid even of the printers. Now, what are you waiting for? A soft corner? Behold, those that sit in soft corners are impatient often, until they become indifferent and half asleep! You and I may long, idiotically, for soft corners, but may never, mercifully, be allowed to reach one. Work is good for man and woman, even when it's hottest! Which shall you do, resign yourself or continue to fret and fume? Make up your mind, that none of it is worth bothering about. Don't give it a thought. Fill your mind with thoughts of high things, which are of like moment to king and beggar. Recognize your individual worth and develop your spiritual nature. That'll do for you time.

Blue Bird—More power to you, and you want to sing, birdie? Well, I advise you to make sure about the voice, and then take any honest means of having it trained. If it be phenomenal, the chances are that you'll find a teacher willing to bring you out. But the life of a professional singer is dreadfully hard sometimes, and the little-ground of life is strewn with "corpses" of would-be makers of a living by the voice. Your writing is excellent, and suggests so much resource and power, concentration and ability that I think you will eventually warble on a high tree-top. Are you Cook Robin or Jenny Wren? There is no positive indication of sex in your lines. You have imagination, even temper, grace of thought, sympathy, and rather good judgment.

March 17th.—Well, Paddy, dear! you're young yet. I hope you found the Exposition worth a visit. If you didn't, there's something wanting (and not in the Exposition). Your writing, if it be genuine, has a very fine promise of large things. At present it is rather young and devoid of inspiration to a graphologist.

glet. Generosity, practical turn, frankness, hope, some ambition, care for detail and some deliberation are noticed. I think I must ask you to go up a bit!

Biddy Bray—Coming just after little March 17th (a Sam's girl, your poetic effusion fairly made the shamrocks sprout on the asphalt. I think I'll give my readers a laugh, too, Biddy, and print you.

"Colleen asthore, dear Lady Gay! The people hereabouts do say: That you can character portraiture from scraps of writing, so to-day before your eyes these lines I lay. Be gentle with me, and I'll pray, for your swate soul each blissed day. An faith, in cups of good strong tea I'll drink yer health—I will, I will, I will. In the green Isle beyond the sea, Ould Ireland—dear an' far away, Where me thrue heart abides for aye! Whist, now! what's that I hear ye say? 'These lines are doggerel.' Thin, if they are!"

Don't plaze ye, sure, I'll say good-bye. Yer humble servant—Biddy Bray."

Your writing is strong, generous, and of excellent discretion; you don't lightly give your confidence nor bother yourself with the affairs of others. Sometimes you are even mistrustful of them. You take life philosophically and do your work carefully and well. I don't think you have much patience with sentimentalism nor high-strung natures. You are a conservative and fond of old ways.

Spinsters—Refinement, concentration, bright perception, some sympathy, decided and rather conventional mind, are yours. Your temperament is ardent, and in matters of affection you would be probably exacting. You are a Leo, a trifle inclined to the feline type, but not dangerously so. You are exceedingly logical and deductive and have marked grasp of detail. There is marked inspiration in your study—a true fire child, burning upwards. By the way, I've heard word about Avonmore's study. It was actually correct, and to think how doubtful I was about it! "Yronore" and "whom you write, is a 'raie Irish,' and sometimes honors me without asking for a delineation. You may, if you like, be equally good. There is marked power and love of its exercise in some parts of your study. Generally you love harmonious and beautiful surroundings. Don't you admire your own Parliament Hill and the view therefrom?

Nippo—Yes; he was a puzzler, and I confess I was very doubtful as I drew him. He isn't quite the hardest one I've tackled, but decidedly the most original. The untruthful and insincere hand is the one the graphologist dreads to decipher. Your writing is unselfish, generally affectionate, a bit pessimistic, but also ambitious. You have culture, facility and lucidity of expression, but not so much grace of thought as you should. Indeed, I think part of your character is yet dormant, a very fine part, too. You have self-reliance, impatience, speculation and courage, and are not lightly moved from your position or conviction—a fine, honest and discreet person, probably a good business head.

Sappho—I regret that lack of time has prevented my testing by personal experience the benefit of treatment by osteopaths. However, I am going to try it right away, and will tell you frankly what I think, if you'll send me an addressed envelope. I haven't the least doubt that in certain cases it is sure to be of benefit. Your delineation will be given now. Your writing shows much brightness and vitality and good force, tenacity, some nervousness, carelessness of detail, but capacity for good work. You are rather but not invariably practical, generally cheerful and frank, not suspicious, loving power, not a very consecutive thinker, nor good at argument. Should be a clever and rather thoughtful and receptive mind.

Gretchen—A pessimistic, conservative, tenacious and somewhat mistrustful person, original but crude, and markedly nervous. I don't think writer would be generally popular, but her friends would admire her talents and look up to her somewhat. The bent of mind is uncertain and erratic, and the nature generally practical and not in love with power. The 28th of September brings you under Libra, the Scales, and you do need peace about as much as anything. Don't trifle with unimportant matters. Stay your soul on great principles. You Libra folks waste so much of life!

Kappa—How very commonplace! I cannot imagine the girl who is reduced to an essay on Spring as a graphological study. I think I'll delineate you from your envelope only. It shows a good deal of force, vitality, affection and proportion. You have not much tact and insight, isn't clear, but you are honest, generally discreet, very dominant and rather thoughtless on some points. Temperament

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## Caressing in Public.

"THE woman who bestows her caresses in public," says Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in dealing with a letter from her husband who considers his wife too demonstrative, "is like the woman who wears diamonds at breakfast, or goes shopping in an evening gown. A demonstrative nature, coupled with loyalty, is a jewel of rare price for a man to possess in a wife, but he wants it set in the gold of good sense, and clasped with good taste. I do not believe in a love which hides itself from all observers, nor do I approve of a love which displays itself to crowds in public places.

"I think when the heart is full of genuine emotion it must express itself at times in a look, a word, an act, irrespective of place or surroundings, which indicates the source from which it came. The man or woman who is always cold or indifferent to another before people cannot be an ardent or genuine lover in private. Something is lacking in the nature that never reveals itself in the least degree in the presence of a third party. But men are exceedingly sensitive to public opinion, in these matters particularly, and the wife who continually offends good taste and her husband in such a case must lack tact and refinement. It is a peculiar difference in the masculine and feminine mentality that a man resents having the public share in the least his domestic happiness, while a woman glories in it. The moment outsiders say, 'How in love with you she is!' a man's affection for a woman lessens; while a woman's increases when the world says, 'How he adores you!'"

## Some Unique Advice.

In these nervous modern days, when "depression," "prostration," "melancholia," "rest-cure," and "Weir Mitchell" are household words in so many families, this concise bit of advice concerning depression and low spirits will interest many. It is from the letters of Sydney Smith, clergyman, social philosopher and wit:

"Feston, February 16, 1820.

"Dear Lady Georgiana—Nobody has suffered from low spirits more than I have done—so I feel for you.

"1st—Live as well as you dare.

"2nd—Go into the shower-bath with a small quantity of water at a temperature low enough to give you a slight sensation of cold, 75 degrees or 80 degrees.

"3rd—Amusing books.

"4th—Short views of human life—not farther than dinner or tea.

"5th—Be as busy as you can.

"6th—See as much as you can of those friends who respect and like you.

"7th—And of those acquaintances who amuse you.

"8th—Make no secret of low spirits to your friends, but talk of them freely—they are always worse for dignified concealment.

"9th—Attend to the effects tea and coffee produce upon you.

"10th—Compare your lot with that of other people.

"11th—Don't expect too much from human life—a sorry business at the best.

"12th—Avoid poetry, dramatic representations (except comedy), music, serious novels, melancholy, sentimental people, and everything likely to excite feeling or emotion not ending in active benevolence.

"13th—Do good, and endeavor to please everybody of every degree.

"14th—Be as much as you can in the open air without fatigue.

"15th—Make the room where you commonly sit gay and pleasant.

"16th—Struggle by little and little against idleness.

"17th—Don't be too severe upon yourself, or underrate yourself, but do your self justice.

"18th—Keep good blazing fires.

"19th—Be firm and constant in the exercise of rational religion.

"20th—Believe me, dear Lady Georgiana,

"Very truly yours,

"SYDNEY SMITH."

This mixture of gastric, psychic, social, hygienic, philosophic and religious advice is most striking.

## The Duke's Grief.

"It was night," says Rev. Clement Powder, "when, after the Battle of Waterloo, the Duke of Wellington lay down. He had not found time so much as to wash his face or hands; but, overcome with fatigue, threw himself, after finishing his despatches, on his bed. He had seen Dr. Hume, and desired him to come punctually at seven in the morning with his report; and the latter, who took no rest, but spent the night beside the wounded, came at

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ALL DRUGGISTS SELL IT. 25c and 60c a bottle.

## Abbey's Effervescent Salt

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The hour appointed. He knocked at the Duke's door, but received no answer; he lifted the latch, and looked in, but seeing him in a sound sleep, he could not find it in his heart to awake him. By and by, however, reflecting on the importance of time to a man in the Duke's high situation, and being well aware that it formed no article in His Grace's code to prefer personal indulgence of any sort to public duty, he proceeded to the bedside and roused the sleeper. The Duke sat up in his bed, his face unshaven, and, covered with the dust and smoke of yesterday's battle, presenting a rather strange appearance; yet his senses were collected, and in a moment he desired Hume to make his statement. The latter produced his list, and began to read; but when, as he proceeded, name after name came out—this as of one dead, the other as of one dying—his voice failed him, and, looking up he saw that the Duke was in an agony of grief; the tears chased one another from His Grace's eyes, making deep visible furrows in the soldier's blackened cheeks, and at last he threw himself back upon his pillow and groaned aloud. "It has been my good fortune never to lose a battle; yet all this glory," cried he, "can by no means compensate for so great a loss of friends. What victory is not too dearly purchased at such a cost!"

## To Shakespeare and His Works.

Marred, murdered, misquoted,  
Adapted, mistaken;  
And volubly voted  
The product of Bacon,  
And prefaced with comment,  
Alleged, annotated,  
By men of no moment  
Curtained and collated.

Recited and acted,  
And belov'd and spouted,  
Extracted, redacted,  
By amateurs shouted,  
And edited, edited,  
By old or new men,  
And frequently credited  
With some acumen.

Rhymed, sonnetted, ode'd  
In immature verse  
With eulogy loaded,  
Or just the reverse.  
Imitated, dissected,  
And parodied, too,  
Essayed and Selected  
For someone's Review.

Trimmed, twisted, translated,  
To suit every tongue,  
Pruned, cut, expurgated  
(A gift for the young),  
Explained, illustrated,  
And turned into prose,  
Critiqued, emended!  
And read? Goodness knows!  
—Punch.

## A Testimonial.

"Sirs—We fed our baby on modified cow's milk the first six months, but the milkman did not understand how to modify his cows properly, and in consequence the child lost flesh till he weighed but one pound. I now procured some of your celebrated Infant's Food. This the baby managed to trade off to the dog for some dog-biscuit, which he ate, and is now well and hearty. The dog died, but dogs are cheap. We are grateful to you, indeed. You may use my name if you like.—John Jones."—Detroit "Journal."

## Would Stand No Nonsense.

Believing that true love can never run smooth when a man continually kisses the woman of his affection, the Mount Hope Married Men's Anti-Kissing League, a Western organization, after due deliberation arrived at the following agreement:

"That henceforth we will not kiss our own wives or any other woman, but that we will still hold the same deep affection for our wives and retain our admiration for the feminine beautiful.

We do not believe that kissing is right, and therefore we agree not to practice it. Any member of this organization who is found guilty of disobeying the order will be dismissed at once. It is a dirty and filthy habit—one that is apt to spread disease, and against the true principles of love. One does not need to kiss to show their affection. The grasp of a hand is sufficient to do that, and as for loving, one's actions speak for that, and not by the number of times you kiss your wife.

When these resolutions were handed out to the women a great sensation was created, and the wife of the president threatened to leave her husband at once. The thirteen wives of the thirteen members held a meeting and decided that they would leave their husbands within one month if they did not break up the club.

## A Truthful Man.

Guest—You advertised (whack) that there were no (slap) mosquitoes here. Do you consider, sir, (whack) that statement true? Proprietor—Yes, sir! I wrote that circular last January.—"Life."

## A Good Complexion

Depends on Good Digestion. This is almost an axiom, although usually we are apt to think that cosmetics, face powders, lotions, fancy soaps, etc., are the secrets for securing a clear complexion. But all these are simply superficial assistants.



It is impossible to have a good complexion unless the digestive organs perform their work properly, unless the stomach, by properly digesting the food taken into it, furnishes an abundance of pure blood, a good complexion is impossible.

This is the reason so many ladies are using Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, because they promptly cure any stomach trouble, and they have found out that perfect digestion means a perfect complexion and one that does not require cosmetics and powders to enhance its beauty.

Many ladies diet themselves or deny themselves many articles of food solely in order to keep their complexion clear. When Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are used no such dieting is necessary; take these tablets and eat all the good wholesome food you want, and you need have no fear of indigestion nor the sallow, dull complexion which nine women out of ten have, solely because they are suffering from some form of indigestion.

Bear in mind that beauty proceeds from good health, good health results from perfect digestion, and we have advanced the best argument to induce every man and woman to give this splendid remedy a trial. Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets can be found in drug stores and cost but 60 cents per package. If there is any derangement of the stomach or bowels they will remove it, and the resultant effects are good digestion, good health, and a clear, bright complexion.

## How "Labby" Got a Dinner.

READY wit is often of more value to a man in a tight corner than any other endowment, and sometimes it neutralizes the consequences of real defects of character. This is illustrated in an intimate story of the life of Henry Labouchere, the by no means admirable English politician and journalist, related in the "People" by Joseph Hatton. Labouchere was as a young man in the diplomatic service, and was sent by the British Minister "to look after some Irish patriots" at Boston. Taking up his quarters at a small hotel, he entered his name as Smith. If you have an idle hour in almost any American city you can get into a game of "draw," or anything else in the way of gambles. In the evening of his arrival the attaché incontinently entered a gaming establishment, and lost all the money he had except half a dollar. Then he went to bed, satisfied, no doubt, with his prowess. The next day the bailiffs seized on the hotel for debt, and all guests were requested to pay their bills and take away their luggage. Labouchere could not pay, and could not, therefore, take away his luggage. All he could do was to write to Washington for a remittance, and wait two days for its arrival. The first day he walked about and spent his half dollar on food. It was summer, and he slept on a bench on the common. In the morning he went to the bay to have a wash, independent of all the cares and troubles of civilization. But he had nothing with which to buy himself a breakfast. Toward evening he grew very hungry, and entered a restaurant and ordered dinner, without any clear idea of how he was to pay the bill, except to leave his coat in pledge.

And here comes in an example of young Labouchere's luck, tempered by a ready wit. As the hungry and, for the time being, penniless attaché ate his dinner he observed that all the waiters were Irishmen, and that they not only continually stared at him, but were evidently discussing him with one another. A guilty conscience induced him to think that this was because of his impecunious appearance, and that they were making calculations as to the value of his clothes. At last one of them approached their anxious customer and in a low voice said: "I beg your pardon, sir: are you the patriot Meagher?" Now, this patriot was a gentleman who had aided Smith O'Brien in his Irish rising, and had been sent to Australia, and had escaped thence to the United States.

"It was my business to look after patriots," said Labouchere, telling the story. "So I put my finger before my lips and said 'Hush!' at the same time casting my eyes up to the ceiling, as though I saw a vision of Erin beckoning me. It was felt at once that I was Meagher. The choicest viands were placed before me, and most excellent wine. When I had done justice to all the good things I went to the bar, and boldly asked for my bill. The proprietor, also an Irishman, said: 'From a man like you, who has suffered in the good cause, I can take no money: allow a brother patriot to shake hands with you.' I allowed him. He further allowed the waiters to shake hands with him, and then stalked forth, with the stern, resolved, but somewhat condescending air which he had seen assumed by patriots in exile. Again he slept on the common; again he washed in the bay. Then he went to the post-office, got his money and breakfasted.

## The Shirt-Waist For Men, Again.

WITH the advent of hot weather, reports begin to come in from various parts of the country telling of the preliminary skirmishes that the shirt-waist for men is making in its fight for public recognition. Its appearance last summer was too late in the season for a conclusive struggle between its friends and foes; but this year it is on the scene early. The progress of the battle is reported and commented upon as follows by the New York "Tribune."

The shirt-waist problem, which began about a year ago in private discussion, has passed that stage and has now been taken up by official bodies in various parts of the country. In individual cases the matter has been fairly traversed in argument, and has gone forward into execution. More and more countless men are to be seen day by day, and certainly it cannot be maintained that they are all callow youth or men readily convicted of a desire to look like women. Among the official bodies which have taken up the shirt-waist problem associations of letter-carriers have been prominent. The battle has been waged in the ranks of the postmen with considerable fierceness. There has certainly been a great reluctance to adopt the shirt-waist on the part of many of the carriers, and in several instances there have been efforts at compromise. In Washington, D.C., for instance, someone devised a peculiar sort of garment which is said to resemble a shirt-waist in front and a coat behind. Permission to wear this garment was secured from the postal authorities, and it was adopted by some, though not by any means a majority, of the carriers of that city.

The question came up before the letter-carriers of New Haven recently, and there a suggestion was made which ought to solve the whole difficulty. Everybody agrees that every man ought to keep as cool as possible during the heated term. If he does not he will be cross to his wife and children, besides suffering other lesser evils. Everybody agrees, also, that no coat was ever devised which was really cool enough for midsummer. The disagreement comes when it is proposed that men adopt the shirt-waist, by name and association a feminine garment. The feeling was well expressed by one of the New Haven carriers, who said: "What do they want to rig us out with shirt-waists for? Do they think we are a lot of women? Some of the men who favor shirt-waists will one of these days be calling for hoopskirts for the carriers. Give us the blouse, a man's garment."

Now, here is the germ of a great thought. "Give us the blouse, a man's garment." A blouse, according to the dictionary, is a loose upper garment worn by men in place of a coat. Certainly give us the blouse, or, in other

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Is She Guessing at It?  
Not Much.



Our grandmothers, and mothers too, used to guess at the heat of the oven by feeling it with the hand or by the number of sticks of wood burnt in such a time.

Not so with this modern, up-to-date woman.

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words, call it a blouse, and don't, for pity's sake, call it a shirt-waist. The garment will be just the same, and the resultant coolness will be just as delightful, but the stigma of aping the women will be forever removed. Sometimes there is a good deal in a name. By all means give us the blouse."

## The Daguerreotype.

This, then, is she. My mother as she looked at seventeen. When she first met my father. Young and lovely, and full of life. Younger than spring, without the faintest trace of disappointment, weariness, or tear. Upon her childish earnestness and grace of the waiting face.

God, how they ways are strange! That this should be, even this. The patient head. Which suffered years ago the dreary change. That these so dewy lips should be the same. As those I stooped to kiss. And heard my hallowing half-spoken name.

A little ere the one who bowed above her father and her very constant lover. Rose stoical, and we knew that she was dead. Then, who could not understand or share. His antique nobleness.

Being taught to bear. The insults which time flings us for our proof. Fled from the horrible roof. Into the alien sunshine meaningless. The shrill satire fields ghastly with day.

Raging to front God in his pride of sway. And hurl across the lifted swords of fate. That ringed him where he sat. My puny rage of scorn and desolate hate. Which somehow should undo him, after all.

That this girl face, expectant, virginal. Which gazes out at me. Be as a sweetheart, as if nothing loth. Bled from the eyes, with other presage stored.

To pledge me truth. And in the kingdom where the heart is torn. Take sail on the terrible gladness of the deep. Whose winds the gray Norns keep. That this should be indeed. The flesh which caught my soul, a flying seed.

Out of the to and fro. Of scattering hands where the seedsmen sowed. Stopping from star to star and age to age. Slugs as he goes. That underneath this breast. Nine moons I fed. Deep of Divine unrest.

While over and over in the dark she "Blessed!" but not as happier children blessed. Even she. God, how with time and change. Thou makest thy footsteps strange! —From "Poems," by William Vaughn Moody.

## A "Cinch" Spoiled.

In New York the other day, a newsboy stood in City Hall Park with a bundle of newspapers in his arms, but he made no sound. Instead of greeting those who passed him with a shrill "Wextry, last 'dition, all about the murder!" he saluted gravely and pointed to his papers. People stared and wondered, then turned around and bought a paper. "The poor boy is deaf and dumb," said a woman, as she gave him a nickel and took an "extra." The boy was coining money, when one of his friends happened to come along. He

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nearly fell in a fit when he observed the grave salute and the silent tongue. "Say, Jakey, w'at's you givin' us?" he began; but the other boy did not notice, as he yelled out: "Come out of it, Jakey, or I'll tell the cop, and he'll pull you in for runnin' a fake game." "Oh, h—!" said the one who had been lately deaf and dumb; "I had a cinch on that keepin' quiet game, an' now you've spoiled it!"





Florodora, Leslie Stuart's pretty opera, is now in the ninth month of its run in New York. And yet, despite its success in New York, London and the English provinces we have had no intimation that it is to be produced in Toronto.

Mr. Walter H. Robinson, now of New York, the well-known tenor and teacher of voice production, will spend the remainder of this month and the whole of August in and near Toronto. During his stay here he will receive a limited number of pupils. Communications will find him at 85 Glen road, Toronto.

The Russian composer, Tchaikowski, whose untimely death was a great loss to the musical world, is extremely popular in London and the large English cities. The other day Queen's Hall was crowded to the doors by an audience which became enthusiastic over a programme made up entirely of works by him. Among the numbers were the violin concerto, the "Nutcracker" suite, the 1812 overture and the Pathetic symphony. This last-named work is now played everywhere in England where there is an orchestra. It is related that when Nizich not long ago announced a concert by the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra in Vienna, the purchasers of tickets were allowed to choose between symphonies by Beethoven, Brahms, and Tchaikowski, and Tchaikowski won. The dismay and astonishment of classicists. One may make note of the fact that the Pathetic symphony has been played once in this city, and also Tchaikowski's great piano concerto in B flat minor.

At a dinner given recently by the Oxford and Cambridge Music Club to Dr. Joseph Joachim, who had previously accepted the presidency of the club, the Lord Chief Justice of England, who presided, called attention to the fact that Joachim had even as a boy won the praises of the great Mendelssohn. He was only thirteen when he first came to London and took the world by storm by his playing. That was in 1844, and ever since Joachim has nearly every year visited London, where he has done a great deal to cultivate the taste for classical art and especially for chamber music. His success, His Lordship added, was the more remarkable, as he had never played to the gallery. Moreover, though he had been the "first fiddle" in leading quartets in London and Berlin for thirty-one years, he had never allowed his own position on his own part to be brought into undue prominence to the sacrifice of others.

The "Athenaeum" makes a strong protest against Godowski's distortions or "derangements" of Chopin's Studies. It says: "His programme again contained what we feel strongly inclined to call derangements of Chopin's Studies—M. Godowski calls them Studies on Chopin's Etudes. We heard the group which he gave at his first recital, but in spite of all the cleverness of his treatment of the music, in spite of all the skill which he displayed in performance, we felt that such things ought not to be done—not at any rate, on the concert platform."

A most ambitious scheme has been prepared for the Leeds (Eng.) music festival. The purpose is nothing more nor less than to make the programme so far as practicable, a commemoration of nineteenth century music. The idea is a very daring one indeed, the more especially as it is proposed to carry it out in seven concerts, the eighth concert to be devoted to Handel's Messiah. The committee in charge of the scheme have selected thirty-three composers as representative musicians within the period to be illustrated—twelve British, ten German, five French, three Italian and three Slavonic. The British composers are Sullivan, Coleridge Taylor, Villiers Stanford, Parry, German, C. Wood, Sterndale Bennett, Elgar, Macbenzie, Cowen, George Thomas and Pearcell. Eight of these are still living, and four names stand for the work of the century's first eighty years. The selected Germans are Brahms, Schubert, Beethoven, Joachim, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Spohr, Wagner, Weber, and Max Bruch. The five Frenchmen are Bizet, Saint-Saens, Gounod, Anber and Berlioz; the three Italians, Verdi, Cherubini, and Rossini; and the Slav, Tchaikowski, Dvorak and Glazounov. As naturally thirty-three compositions will have to be performed, the festival will partake much of the nature of ordinary miscellaneous concerts. The result of the experiment will be watched with interest.

Another youthful Paganini has made his appearance in London. This is M. Hagedus, an Hungarian violinist, who brought to England the most unqualified testimonials from his native land. Hagedus is a native of Budapest, where, it is said, he played popular tunes on his father's fiddle at the age of three. His precocious talents were fostered at the Royal Conservatory at Budapest, where he was a pupil of Hubay and Gulya. A year ago young Hagedus was offered a post as conductor to the Hungarian opera, but he declined an appointment which would have interfered with his career as a violinist. It is said that he has remarkable technique and great natural expression.

Four operas will be produced in the autumn, viz., Dresden, via, Madchenberg, by Crescenzo Buongiorno, an opera that has already been successfully given at Cassel; Feuersoth, by Richard Strauss, just completed; Rubenzahl, by Dr. Alfred Stelzner of Dresden, and Der Polnische Jude, by a Czech composer, Karol Weiss, which has so far only been given at the German theater at Prague.

It is gratifying to be able to note from time to time the success attend-

ing Mr. Rechab Tandy's vocal pupils. Two, Miss Zella B. Robinson and Miss Queenie McCoy, who not long since graduated under Mr. Tandy at the Toronto Conservatory of Music, are making a name and a place for themselves as concert and church soloists in British Columbia. The Vancouver "Daily World" says: "The excellent impression previously made by Miss Zella B. Robinson, sustained as it so ably was at the recital in which she participated last evening in Christ Church, ranks that young lady alike a credit to the Conservatory of which she is an honored graduate and a valued acquisition to the musical talent of the city." The "Vancouver News" says: "Miss Queenie McCoy possesses a remarkably clear and sweet voice of great compass, which gives evidence of thorough cultivation and most careful training. She sings with much expression and feeling. Particularly noticeable was the easy manner with which she took the high notes, and sustained them without any apparent effort."

Mr. W. Millard McCammon has withdrawn from his position as leading tenor in Central Presbyterian Choir.

#### Dooley on the Medical Profession.

HENNESSY having expressed the opinion that Christian Science is all foolery, "Well, sir, who can tell?" said Mr. Dooley. "If it wasn't for progress, I'd be sure the Christian Scientists was wrong. But th' doctor who attended me when I was young 'd be thought as loonatic if he was alive to-day as th' most Christian Scientist that I've rayjoyced a swellin' over a long-distance tellyphone. He intrajoyced near th' whole parish into this life iv sin an' sorrow, he give us calmel with a shovel, bled us like a policeman, an' never thought any medicine was good if it didn't choke ye goin' down. I can see him now as he come up drivin' an' ol' gray an' yellow horse in a buggy. He had whiskers that he cud tie in a knot round his waist, an' him an' th' priest was th' on'y two men in th' neighborhood that carried a gold watch. He used to say 'twas th' healthiest parish in th' wurld, barrin' hangin's an' transportation, an' thim come in Father Hick-ey's province. Irvybody thought he was a g-r-e-at man, but they wudn't have him threst a spavin in these days. He was catch-as-catch-can, an' he'd tackle anything fr'm pneumonia iv th' lungs to premachure baldness. He'd never heerd iv microbes, an' nayther did I till a few years ago, when I was tol' they was a kind iv animals or bugs that crawled around in ye like spiders. I see pitchers iv thim in th' pa-pers with eyes like poached eggs, till I dhreamed one night I was a hayloft full iv bats. Thin th' dock down th' street set me r-right. He says th' microbes is a vigitable, an' ivy man is like a conservatory full iv millions iv these potted plants."

"Well, that sounds all right, an' I find fr a doctor, 'Dock,' says I, 'me vlets ar-re thinnin' out, an' I feel as though I was full iv sage brush.' I say, Th' dock puts a glass cube in me mouth an' says, 'Don't bite it.' 'Dye think I'm a glass eater?' says I, 'talkin' through me teeth like a Kerry lawyer. What's it fr?' I says, 'To take ye'r timplachoo,' says he. About th' time I'm r-ready to strangle he removes th' cube. 'How high does he spout?' says I. 'Ninety-nine,' says he. 'Good heavens,' says I, 'Don't come near me, dock, or ye'll be un struck.' I says, 'I've just examined ye'r blood,' he says, 'Ye're full iv weeds,' he says. Be that time I'm soared to death, an' I say a few prayers, when he fixes a hose to me chest an' begins listenin'. 'Anything goin' on inside?' says I. 'Tis ye'r heart,' says he. 'Glor'y be,' says I. 'What's th' matter with that ol' engine?' says I. 'I cud tell ye,' he says, 'but I'll have to call in Dock Vinthriele, th' specialist.' 'How high oughtn't he lookin' at ye'r heart at all,' he says. 'I never larned belov th' chin, an' I'd be fired be th' Union if they knew I was wurrukin' on th' heart,' he says. So he sends fr Dock Vinthriele, an' th' dock climbs me chest an' listens, an' thin he says, 'They're something the matter with his lungs, too,' he says. 'At times they're full iv air an' again,' he says, 'they ain't,' he says. 'Sind fr Bellows,' he says. Bellows comes and pounds me, an' though I was a roof he was shinglin', an' havin' accidentally hit me below th' belt, he sends fr Dock Laportatney, an' th' Dock sticks his finger into me as far as th' knuckle.

"He shakes his head an' goes out iv th' room with th' others, an' they talk iv over at tin dollars a minit while I'm layin' there at two dollars a day-docked. When they come back, van iv thim says, 'This here is a most inthrestin' case an' we must have th' whole class take a look into it,' he says. It means me, Hinnisey. 'Dock,' he says, 'ye will remove its heart. Vinthriele, ye will have its brain; an' Bellows, ye will take its lungs. As fr me,' he says, 'I will add wan more ver-niform appendix to me belt,' he says. 'Tis strange how our foolish predecessors,' says he, 'niver got on to th' dangers iv th' ver-niform appendix,' he says. 'I have no doubt that that's what kill Methusalem,' he says. So they mark out their wurruk on me with a piece iv red chalk, an' I get well, I look like a rag carpet. Some-times they lave things in ye, Hinnisey. I knowed a man wanet—Moriarty was his name, Tim Moriarty—an' he had to be hem-stitched hurriedly because they was goin' to be a ball game that day, an' they locked up in him two sponges, a saw, an' a pick, a gold watch, an' a pair iv curlin'-irons belongin' to wan iv the nurses. He tol' me he didn't feel well, but he didn't think anything iv it till he noticed that he jingled when he walked.

"That's what they do with ye now-a-days, Hinnisey. Irvy time I go into Dock Cassidy's office, he gives me a look that makes me wisht I'd wore a suit iv chain armor. His eyes seem to say, 'Can I come in?' Between th' Christian Scientists an' him, 'tis a question iv whether ye want to be thrested like loonatic or like a cat iv preserved vigitables. Father Kelly says th' styles iv medicine changes like th' styles iv hats. When he was a boy,

they give ye quinine fr whatever ail'd ye, an' now they give ye strychnine, an' nex' year they'll be givin' ye pro-caine acid, maybe. He says they're findin' new things th' matther with ye ivry day, an' ol' things that have to be taken out, on'th' th' time is comin' when not more thin half iv us 'll be rale an' th' rest 'll be rubber. He says they ought to enforce th' law iv assault with a deadly weepin' again th' less about pizen an' more about gruel an' open'd fewer patients an' more windows, they'd not be so many Christian Scientists. He says th' difference between Christian Scientists an' doctors is that Christian Scientists thinks they're no such thing as disease, an' doctors thinks there ain't anything else. An' there ye ar-re."

"What d'ye think about it?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"I think," said Mr. Dooley, "that if th' Christian Scientists had some science an' th' doctors more Christianity, it wudn't make anny difference which ye called in—if ye had a good nurse."

#### My Love.

I love the blue and sunny sky,  
And every blue bird that doth fly  
Amid the whispering greenwood trees  
Breathing forth soft ecstasies.  
I love the sunny, golden beams  
That dance and play o'er silvery streams;  
I love the silent stars that shine,  
Shedding an influence divine.  
I love each broad, expansive field  
That doth a golden harvest yield;  
I love the clinging, clustered vine  
That yields the rich and purple wine.  
I love the music of the rills  
That murmur o'er the pebbly hills;  
I love the violet where it grows,  
In wastes that shield the wild, red rose.  
I love to hear when I'm alone  
The wild winds deeply sigh and moan,  
And feel the ocean's great heart beat,  
While white-capped waves their plaint repeat.  
—Minnie Louise Thomas.

#### Literary Pretense.

I F all of us who in these latter days have acquired some repute of knowledge of literature were to be tried before a jury of real experts, it is to be feared, writes Guy Carleton Lee, that the vast majority of us would be found guilty of having gained a reputation under false pretenses. Let us be candid with ourselves, since the confidence we do no further. Have we really made ourselves familiar with English masterpieces? It were damning to confess ignorance of Chaucer, for example; let all who have read the "Canterbury Tales," to take but a portion of his works, mentally hold up their hands. The resulting show might not carry an election in the smallest election precinct.

Perhaps we have taken an unfair test. Chaucer is difficult reading to any but the scholar, and the quaint old words are apt to interfere with any pleasure in the reading. Let us return, then, to writers of a later date, whose language holds no obscurity of form. How many of us have read "The Faery Queen" from beginning to end? Perhaps some few, to whom literature is a profession, not a recreation; but of the rest of us who so glibly discuss Edmund Spenser and his influence upon poetry, and who talk learnedly of the Spenserian stanza, the vast majority are utter strangers to the works of the poet they praise.

The early dramatists, again. Most of us are vaguely aware that Marlowe wrote plays called "The Jew of Malta" and "Tamburlaine," and a dramatic poem entitled "Doctor Faustus"; but our knowledge of him stops there. Massinger, because of the occasional presentation on the stage of "A New Way to Pay Old Debts," is more familiar to us, but our acquaintance with him is strictly limited to that one work. Beaumont and Fletcher are by name "familiar in the mouth as household words," but some of us would be sorely puzzled to quote a line written by these old collaborators. Ben Jonson we know by his epitaph; but by his works we know him not. Shakespeare—all there we are safe, all of us have read him; we use his words. Along comes some villainous prior-into-secret-places and questions us of our knowledge of the "Sonnets," and straightway we wish that we were dead or that Shakespeare had never been born to write twaddle that is called literature.

Dryden, again. He is sometimes talked of nowadays; is he ever read? And the dramatists of the Restoration—Wycherly, Congreve, Farquhar, Vanbrugh? And—let us retrace our steps for the moment—Sidney and Harvey and Rochester and Herrick—oh, yes, we all know the quotation from the latter concerning the little feet which stole in and out; but singular as it may appear, these lines were not the sole production of Herrick.

Pass on. Is Pope ever read nowadays? Who of us can ever give a list of his principal poems? It would be a good wager that ninety-nine out of a hundred among us, being asked to do this, would promptly exclaim: "The Essay on Man," and then continue: "Ere-and—'The Rape of the Lock,' you know—and—h-m—oh, well, and all the rest."

Cowper—didn't he write something about a sofa? Southey? Oh, yes, he wrote "The Water Comes Down at Ledore," and—other things. Richardson? Addison? Steele? We seem to know these names—we are before our jury of experts now—but we can not recall their writings for the moment. Swift? Oh, he wrote "Gulliver's Travels," we read that when we were young; yes, we have entirely forgotten it, and recall no political satire in it. We know that Fielding and Smollett were very coarse writers; we do not remember any other characteristics. Ever read them? No, but we have read of them.

But, the attorney for the defence may urge, these are not names of giants; knowledge of their works is not indispensable. Waiting this point, the prosecuting attorney sternly demands if we have never claimed acquaintance with these men, if we have never referred to them with an air of easy nonchalance calculated and intended to impress our auditory with the fact that we were profoundly versed in their works. How many of us pretenders can honestly answer "No?"

Byron as out of date and monotonous; have you ever read "Child Harold's Pilgrimage," or that magnificent dramatic poem, "Cain"? And we answer desperately: "No; Byron is no poet; he is not literature; it would be waste of valuable time to read his stuff."

And then the attorney for the defence, in despair of our admissions, yet still fighting his case, asks us to name the works with which we are familiar, that we may show that our reputation is deserved. Sure of our ground, we go trippingly on with a list of the "Trilbies," the "Ladies of Quality," the "Richard Carvels," the—but here our attorney hastily bids us leave "the stand, and submits the case without argument."

Is the picture overdrawn? We fear not.

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Gladys Helene Montague, her transparent gold ochre hair glittering in the sunlight, sat at her mahogany desk writing her answer to Reginald Fitzmaurice's proposal. Gladys's chirography was of the fashionable young lady's seminary style, with three characters to perform the duty of twenty-six.

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"My Dear Miss Montague: On Wednesday I sail for Europe. If at any time you should change your mind, a word from you will bring me to your side. My address will be Brown, White & Co., London. Faithfully yours, Reginald Fitzmaurice."

"Dear Gladys: After a sleepless night spent in the vain endeavor to decipher your note, I have written these two answers. Will you kindly return immediately the one which does not fit the occasion? I cannot stand this strain much longer. Your anxious Reginald."—Detroit "Free Press."

#### Humor in a Catalogue.

A specimen of humorous cataloguing, quoted by the "Critic" from a Wyoming auctioneer's list, is as follows:

Grand, "The Heavenly Twins." (Not to be had separately.)

Grey, Maxwell. "The Silence of Dean Maitland." (Broken.)

Haggard, H. R. "She." (Unique.)

Holmes, O. W. "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table." (Plates missing.)

"How to Be Happy Though Married." (Rare in this state.)

Phelps. "The Gates Ajar." Unopened.

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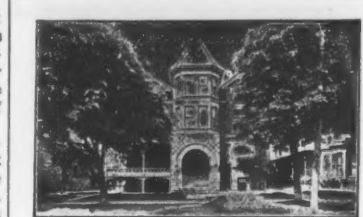
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### Social and Personal.

"Modern Society" says: "When the Earl of Minto comes back from Canada he will find Jedburgh and the lovely district near his home enriched by the remains of an old chapel which have been discovered at Old Jedburgh. This chapel which has been unearthed was founded by Egred, Bishop of Lindisfarne, who died in the year 845. The stones found resemble those in the famous Jedburgh Abbey."

Mrs. J. E. Peterkin (nee McMulkin) will receive on Thursday and Friday, July 26th and 27th, at her residence, 29 Bellevue Place.

Mrs. Plunkett of Independence, Iowa, is visiting her daughter at 52 Churchill avenue.

A verbose New York correspondent sends the following, assuring me it is of great interest: "Among the arrivals this week at Newport is included the name of Mr. J. Loftus Henegan, who will pay his usual visit. Mr. Henegan is the handsome young man who has been so often engaged by Mrs. Grundy. Last year it was the lovely Countess Rivar, the year previous Mrs. Kenneth Quaxley, and the year before that Miss Sally Tilton. All the women are noted beauties and combine with that charm an unusually brilliant intellect. Mr. Henegan has been paying marked attention this year in New York society to the Marquise Clara Lanza de Broia and many have spoken of an engagement, while others refuse to believe this on account of the difference in ages, the Marquise being a woman of thirty-five, while the young man is about twenty-five. Whatever truth there may be in the matter, it surely will come to the front before the season is over. Mr. Henegan is a great favorite in society, and was seen much with Mrs. John Vinton Dahlgren, now Mrs. Harry Lehr, before her marriage to that gentleman." It is hoped this lady-killer won't get as far as Toronto.

Mrs. W. J. Thomson of New York City is spending the summer with her mother, Mrs. L. D. Closson of Spadina avenue.

Mr. James Coleman Small of Brainerd, Minnesota, has returned home after a most delightful visit with his sister and old friends in Toronto, Port Hope, Montreal, and the Pan-American.

Mrs. Fred W. Rose and Miss Mildred Rose are spending the summer at Atherley.

Miss Frances Gratures Lewis of Newboro left on Tuesday for Orangeville after a delightful visit with the Misses Kilacy, Sahara, Hanlan's Island.

Mr. L. Maclean Beers, teller of the Moisson Bank, Toronto Junction, and his brother from Hamilton are spending their holidays at The Prospect House, Port Sandfield, Muskoka.

Mrs. A. J. H. Eckardt, of St. George street, and family are spending the summer at the Seaside Hotel, Ocean Grove, N.J., after a week spent in Buffalo at the Exposition. Before returning they intend to visit Atlantic City, and expect to arrive home about September 1st.

Mr. James Ryrie and family left the city this week on a summer sojourn to Lake Simcoe. The party will occupy one of the cottage annexes of the Orchard Point Hotel, at Atherley, near Orillia.

Miss Goldie McKay of 404 Jarvis street has been very ill.

Miss Lena Johnson of Cincinnati, Ohio, has been visiting her parents at 26 Draper street for a few weeks.

Mrs. J. Fred Holliss (nee St. Croix), of North street, left for Redwood, Lake Joseph, on Monday. She will spend the summer there.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. V. Might have moved from 50 Harbord street to 122 Major street, where Mrs. Might will be pleased to see her friends.

Mr. R. Lawyer and Mr. A. Ritchie of 128 St. George street sail from Halifax on the 18th by s.s. Evangeline of Furness Line for London direct. After visiting the principal cities in Great Britain they will travel on the Continent.

The engagement is announced of Miss Florence C. Taylor of St. Catharines and Mr. Robert V. Bingay of Pittsburg, Pa.

A very bright home wedding took place on July 15th at the charming new residence of Dr. George Porter, 341 Bloor street west, when Miss Carrie Porter, daughter of the Rev. W. H. Porter of Toronto, was married to Prof. Ernest F. Langley of Dartmouth College, New Hampshire. The ceremony was performed by the bride's father, assisted by the Rev. W. W. Weeks. The bridesmaid was Miss Mary Porter of St. Thomas, and the best man Mr. Charles E. Langley of Toronto. Beside the relatives and a few intimate friends from the city, relatives from New York, Cleveland, Detroit and Brantford were present. The handsome bride was beautifully gowned in white silk organdy, and the bridesmaid wore the same. The pink decoration and a profusion of palms in the drawing-room and on the piazza adjoining made a delightful setting for the party. Mr. A. S. Vogt, one of the guests, played the wedding march. The popular young couple left for a trip through the Eastern States, after which they will reside in Hanover, N. H.

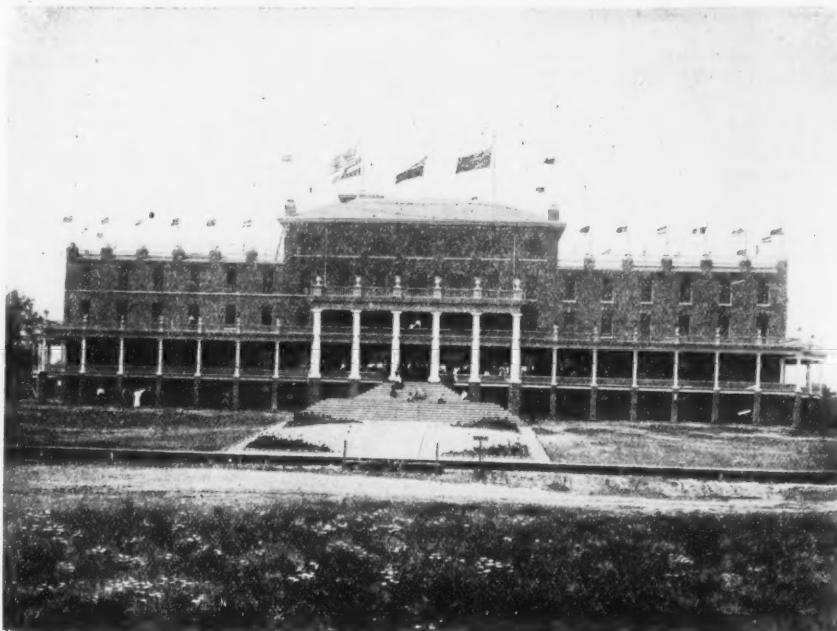
The Misses Cross of Walmer road are at Little Metis, Quebec. Mrs. Cross is in Toronto. Mr. and Mrs. Vogt go to Muskoka on Tuesday next.

### Perversity of the Mosquito.

What reason has the mosquito for its preferences? It is a wily and sagacious insect, yet it will pass by a stout, comfortable man almost invariably to feast upon the slimmest and willowiest of girls. One would like to have these curious mosquito distinctions explained. Is there any scientific man who can satisfy curiosity on these

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Accommodating two hundred and fifty guests. Within easy access of Toronto via Grand Trunk Railway to Burlington Junction and omnibus to Hotel; C.P.R. to Hamilton, or Hamilton Steamboat Co. to Piers, and Radial Electric Railway direct to the house.

Service and sanitation unexcelled.

Guests' chambers single and en suite, with and without private baths.

Tennis, Bowling, Bathing, Boating.

Enclosed play-grounds for children in stormy weather.

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Rates—\$2.50 and upwards per day; \$12.00 and upwards per week single; \$22.00 and upwards for two in one room. Special rates for families. Illustrated descriptive booklet and diagram of rooms on application.

## WACHENHUSEN & BOGGS PROPRIETORS

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points, or must one go down to the grave, asks a victim, in ignorance of why she is invariably chosen for sustenance by these vampires of the air while her fellows escape often unscathed?

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Steamers TORONTO and KINGSTON leave daily except Sunday 3:30 p.m. for 4 barlets, 1,000 Island points, Rapids, Montreal, Quebec, Murray Bay, Tadoussac, Saguenay River.

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"The sweetest love story we have ever read. A better book than either 'Janice Meredith' or 'Richard Carvel'."

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Sunday, July 21st, at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.; Tuesday, 23rd, at 3 p.m.; Wednesday, 24th, at 8 p.m.; Thursday, 25th, at 3 p.m.; Sunday, 28th, at 3 p.m. and 8 p.m.

## The Brantford Collegiate Institute Cadet Corps

from July 22nd to July 27th will drill twice each day and give a military entertainment on Thursday evening at 8 p.m. Special rates on the steamer Tynon for the balance of the season—(0c. single and 75c. return. Wednesdays and Saturdays return 35c. Leaves foot of Yonge Street at 9:30 a.m. For further particulars apply to—

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New and high-class summer resort on Narrows between

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For shopping or a day's outing. Very light but very strong. Weigh only 6 ounces.

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10 1/2 inch, 80c. 11 inch, 90c. 11 1/2 inch, \$1.00.

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In Gray Canvas, linen lined, light steel frames, 24 inch, \$3.00.

In Leather, Chocolate color, linen lined, steel frames, 24 inch, \$5.00.

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PERMANENT BRICK BUILDING—ALL MODERN IMPROVEMENTS—CAPACITY FOUR HUNDRED—FIRST-CLASS CAFE AND BUFFET

## At Foresters' Island.

At the invitation of the Supreme Chief, Ranger, Dr. Oronhyatekha, some two hundred Independent Foresters traveled down to the Bay of Quinte to visit him at his island home. Through the indefatigable efforts and tireless energy of the doctor and his able assistants this naturally beautiful place has become an ideal holiday resort. This trip has been made an annual affair now, and is looked forward to with greater interest every season. As the natural resources of the island as a place of enjoyment and rest are becoming developed, the demand for accommodation is increasing, and the excursionists and other guests taxed the hotel and cottages to the limit; but any inconveniences that may have occurred were put up with in the best of humor, and goodfellowship and harmony held sway.

The hotel is under the management of Mr. T. G. Davey, the popular manager of the Temple Cafe, and that is all the recommendation it needs, for everyone who is acquainted with his methods knows him to be one of the most capable men in his line in Canada. The fame of the Bay of Quinte has spread abroad, and many United States as well as Canadians are taking advantage of the favorable situation of the island, and are making it their headquarters while indulging in the bass and maskinonge fishing, which is among the best in Ontario. The water of the bay just strikes the happy medium—so hard to find—that makes bathing an enjoyable as well as a healthful recreation, and a regular bathing-place is under preparation, which will be so arranged as to eliminate all danger and make it possible not

God." The Archdeacon dwelt on the part the Church played in Independent Forestry. The two great principles on which the Order is based are the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man, and the preacher dwelt on how good and generous God had been to the Order, and how grateful it should be towards Him for His bounty. As proof of the continued prosperity of Independent Forestry he quoted statistics showing its phenomenal growth. He said that a brief review of the history of the Order would give them good cause for thanksgiving. The Order was founded in 1874, and re-organized in Canada in 1881. The membership in that time had grown from 269 to about 185,000. In 1874 it had an indebtedness of \$4,000; now it has a surplus of \$4,800,000, besides having paid in benefits \$10,200,000. The amount of insurance is \$212,000,000, and \$130,000 a month is being paid out. Last year there were 42,856 applications, of which 36,822 were accepted, and in addition to paying all claims, including \$86,000 to disabled brethren, over \$700,000 was added to the reserve. In this age, when some insurance organizations have been shaken to their very foundations, it was no small comfort to the members of the Order to know of the stability of the I. O. F., and its ability to meet all lawful claims as soon as presented, besides to be daily increasing the security of the insured.

The minister made a graceful reference to the herculean efforts of the Supreme Chief Ranger in the cause of the I. O. F., when it was still in its infancy, and in the following words paid Dr. Oronhyatekha a well-deserved tribute:

"As we look back to the infant days of the I. O. F., and see Dr. Oronhyatekha going up and down throughout the land, laboring and toiling in the endeavor to establish the Order, without compensation or remuneration; when we see him and his little band of faithful workers raising money to pay the widow and the orphan all that was due them; and when we now see this same public benefactor, through God's mercy, spared to still guide the destinies and rule over the Order; when we see him and his officers establishing the Order throughout Canada, the United States, England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland, France, Germany, Holland, India, and last, our sister colony, Australia (which last month added 500 members to our number); when we think of these great achievements, can we do otherwise than thank God for His mercies? Let us remember, too, that through tact and wisdom our S. C. R. has drawn around him some of the most intellectual men in this and other lands—statesmen, lawyers, doctors, and business men, capable of sifting to their very center the principles of the Order and its financial securities."

Before the sermon the son of Mr. Joseph Brant of Deseronto, a nephew of the Supreme Chief, was baptised, and named Harvard Herbert. The godfathers were Dr. Oronhyatekha and Judge Woodburn. Miss Oronhyatekha standing as godmother. Master Jack Charles sang "The Holy City" during the service, and his pure soprano voice added greatly to the musical portion of the worship.

On Monday the morning was spent as each individual's fancy dictated. After lunch everyone packed up, and when the launch called to take the party back to the mainland nothing but regret at the shortness of the stay was expressed.

The I. O. F., as it stands to-day, is one of the strongest concerns of its kind in the world. Since dropping the old plan and working on its present basis, the society has progressed by leaps and bounds, and from a practically bankrupt concern without a dollar in its treasury it has become to-day the leading fraternal insurance society, with a membership of 185,000, and \$4,800,000 surplus, and with benefits paid up to July 1, 1901, which amount to \$10,200,000. But not only is it established in Canada, but also in the United States and Great Britain, and it has a good footing in India, France, Norway and Australia.



Three Views  
Isle Hotel  
Deseronto  
Foresters' Island

only for the "grown-ups" to partake of this pastime, but also the children. Dr. Oronhyatekha had been recommended by his medical adviser to take some form of recreative exercise. For some time he had contemplated building a summer cottage, and for this purpose had reserved the south-east corner of the island, and when he received this advice regarding his health the doctor decided to build the cottage, which was to cost but a moderate sum, and in the supervision of the building operations he expected to get exercise and renewed health. However, the plans grew and grew, as the doctor realized the possibilities of the site, and to-day, instead of the modest cottage, stands one of the most picturesque and complete summer residences in Canada, of which Dr. Oronhyatekha is architect, contractor and overseer. The inside is fitted up sumptuously, and will be decorated with the curious and valuable bric-a-brac which the doctor has collected during his travels. The "Castle" is beautifully situated, and commands a view of miles of the Bay of Quinte in all its scenic beauty. It was the first thing that met the eyes of the excursionists as the steam launch left the dock at Deseronto, and turned toward the "Foresters' Island," and exclamations of surprise and admiration were heard on all sides as the imposing residence came into view.

Among the visitors who accepted the hospitality of the Supreme Chief Ranger were Hon. George E. Foster, Hon. Judge Wedderburn, P.S.C.R., Hampton, N.B.; Major John A. McGillivray, K.C., S.S.; H. A. Collins, S.T.; Dr. Thomas Millman, M.R.C.S.; Hon. Elliott G. Stevenson, S.C., Detroit; A. E. Stevenson, Chicago; W. R. Gillette, Chicago; Thomas Lawless, George A. Harter, W. J. McMurtry, Dr. C. Day Clarke, T. G. Davey, Col. C. A. Stone, Daniel Rose. From the time the party landed right up to the minute of its embarkation there was a continuous round of enjoyment. On Saturday evening a dance was held in the pavilion, and those who attended danced on a splendid floor and to good music. Those who did not care to dance went out on the water or enjoyed the many pretty promenades along the water's edge.

On Sunday the heat rather interfered with the social program, and instead of holding service in the afternoon Archdeacon Davis preached at night. His text was "Beware lest thou forget the Lord thy God."

## The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb

**Births.**

Phin—July 13th, Mrs. J. A. Phin, 227 Carlton street, Toronto, a son, Charlesworth—July 13th, Mrs. H. G. Charlesworth, Toronto, a daughter, Harrie—July 13th, Mrs. L. Harrie, Toronto, a daughter.

Mason—July 13th, Mrs. Alfred J. Mason, 541 Eglinton, London, Eng., a daughter, Sampson—July 9th, Mrs. H. E. Sampson, Owen Sound, a son.

McEachern—July 10th, Mrs. John McEachern, Elmville, a son.

Robinson—July 1st, Mrs. Bruce L. Robinson, Toronto, a daughter.

Eastwood—July 12th, Mrs. C. S. Eastwood, Fesserton, a son.

Young—July 10th, Mrs. Ralph E. Young, Toronto, a daughter.

Lugadin—July 11th, Mrs. W. H. Lugadin, Simcoe, a daughter.

Macedonell—July 13th, Mrs. Charles S. Macedonell, Port Arthur, a son.

Cunningham—July 13th, Mrs. S. E. Cunningham, Toronto, a daughter.

**Marriages.**

Docker—Davison—At St. Anne's Church, Toronto, by the Rev. F. W. Walker, R.A., Alice Maude, third daughter of W. F. Davison, 12 University crescent, to John McGregor Docker, of Toronto, late of Dunville.

Howard—Potts—July 13th, at Brooklyn, Ont., Jas Howard to Helen R. Potts, Garden—Gourlay—July 3rd, at Toronto, John C. Garden to Janet E. Gourlay, Rutland—Waycott—July 15th, at Toronto, Alfred J. Rutland to Florence A. Waycott.

Lounsbury—Worth—July 13th, at Toronto, Morris Lounsbury to Mary A. Worth.

Dougherty—Meager—July 11th, at Toronto, Charles B. Dougherty to Minnie Priscilla Meager.

Pringle—Cornell—July 11th, at Cobourg, Clive Pringle to Rebecca Brooks Cornell.

Tisdale—Richards—July 10th, at Toronto, Frederick Walker Tisdale to Edith

Doble—July 15th, Mrs. J. S. Doble, Bruce Mines, a daughter.

**Deaths.**

Woodcock—Ledyard—June 25th, at Rat Portage, Rev. Maurice F. D. Woodcock to Ellnor Sheppard Ledyard, Matheson—Anderson—July 17th, at Gravenhurst, Kenneth A. Matheson to Jean F. Anderson.

Taylor—Lavery—July 17th, at Cobourg, Harold E. Taylor to Caroline Lavery.

Tapscott—Washburn—July 11th, at Smith's Falls, Rev. F. T. Tapscott to Minnie Washburn.

Heathcote—Smith—July 13th, at Toronto, Francis Cooke Heathcote to Evelyn Margaret Smith.

Parkhill—Harris—July 3rd, at Caledonia, Andrew Parkhill to Isabella Harris.

Buchanan—Macfarlane—July 11th, at Pittsburgh, Pa., James Isaac Buchanan to Eliza Macfarlane.

Gurney—Fyfe—July 11th, at Acton, R. J. Gurney to Jean Fyfe.

**Deaths.**

Broadfield—At 112 Emerald street south, Hamilton, July 11th, 1901, Sarah Henrietta, widow of the late George Broadfield, and mother of Mr. G. E. Broadfield, of Toronto. Funeral Saturday, the 13th, at 2 p.m., to the Church of St. Thomas, Hamilton. Interment at Hamilton Cemetery.

Chaplin—July 13th, at St. Catharines, Harriette Chaplin.

Hutchinson—July 11th, at Toronto, Beatrice Cross Hutchinson.

Woodworth—July 11th, at Toronto, Charlotte Jane Woodworth, aged 54 years. Buried—July 13th, at London, Ont., Isabella Fennelly Beldome.

Beatty—July 16th, at Toronto, Robert Beatty, in his 77th year.

Deeks—July 16th, at Toronto, Walter Harold Deeks, aged 49 years.

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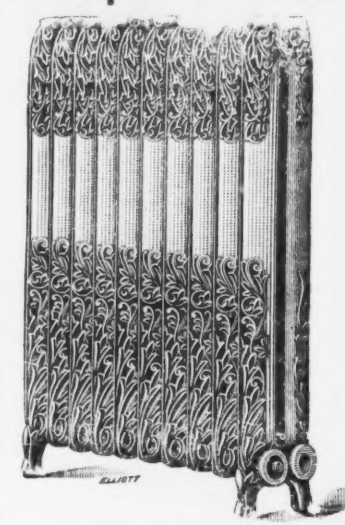
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**2nd Week at CUT Prices**

Hot or hotter makes no difference to the interest in the big suit sale—every day is a busy day—and there's a general stampede of men's and boys' suits from us to you—

**Boys' Suits**

\$5.00 Boys' Suits, Cut Sale price—4.00—  
\$3.00 Boys' Suits, Cut Sale price—2.25—  
\$4.00 Boys' Suits, Cut Sale price—3.00—  
\$5.50 Boys' Suits, Cut Sale price—4.00—  
\$3.00 Boys' Suits, Cut Sale price—2.25—  
\$2.50 Boys' Suits, Cut Sale price—1.75—

**Men's Suits**

\$15.00 Men's Suits, Cut Sale price—11.00—  
\$12.00 Men's Suits, Cut Sale price—9.00—  
\$10.00 Men's Suits, Cut Sale price—7.00—  
\$8.00 Men's Suits, Cut Sale price—5.00—  
\$6.00 Men's Suits, Cut Sale price—4.00—  
\$5.00 Men's Suits, Cut Sale price—3.00—

—White Duck Trousers, \$1.00 up.  
—Negligee Shirts, 75c. up.  
—Ties, 50c. up.  
—Boys' Wash Suits, \$1.25 up.

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115 KING EAST—116 YONGE.